

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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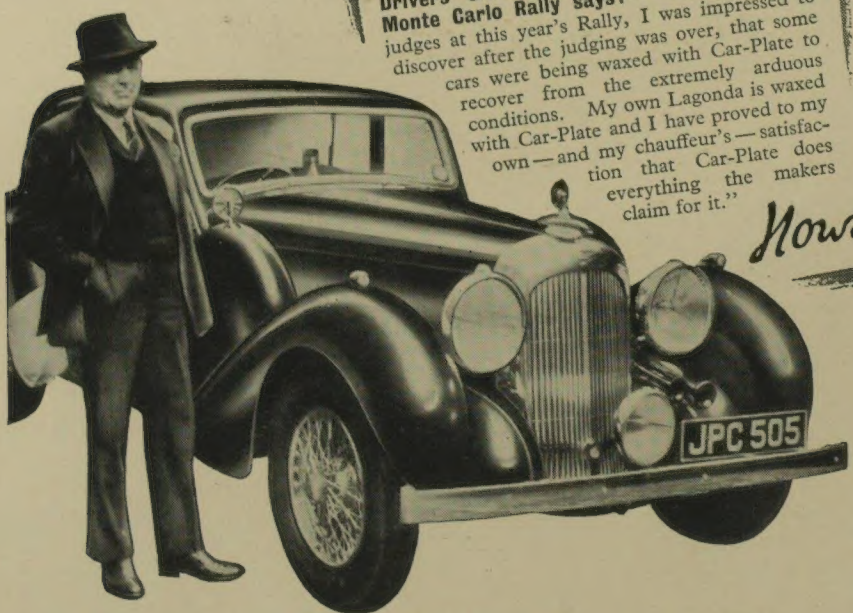
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## Earl Howe Endorses Car-Plate



Earl Howe — President of the British Racing Drivers Club and British delegate to the Monte Carlo Rally says:— "As one of the judges at this year's Rally, I was impressed to discover after the judging was over, that some cars were being waxed with Car-Plate to recover from the extremely arduous conditions. My own Lagonda is waxed with Car-Plate and I have proved to my own—and my chauffeur's—satisfaction that Car-Plate does everything the makers claim for it."

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\*  
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Indeed you do—whether you realise it or not. This Monsanto chemical brings many benefits to the textile industry—greater yarn strength, fewer breakages, faster production. This, in turn, means finer quality woollens, worsteds, cottons and rayons for everyone.

Chemistry plays an important role in the textile industry by contributing substantially to better products and processes. Other Monsanto chemicals preserve yarns and fabrics from mildew and similar growths, assist in washing, scouring, sizing and dyeing.

Supplying chemicals to the textile industry is only one of many ways that Monsanto serves industry. Hundreds of similar instances are found wherever industry serves mankind.

\* Chemical synonym for SYTON, the Monsanto Registered Trade Mark for a textile spinning aid which increases yarn and cloth strength.

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## OIL

## AND THE WATERFALL

THE 22-million-gallon-a-day "waterfall" in each of these cooling towers at Anglo-Iranian's oil refinery in South Wales is part of an expansion project that has already raised the refinery's production to twelve times its pre-war rate.

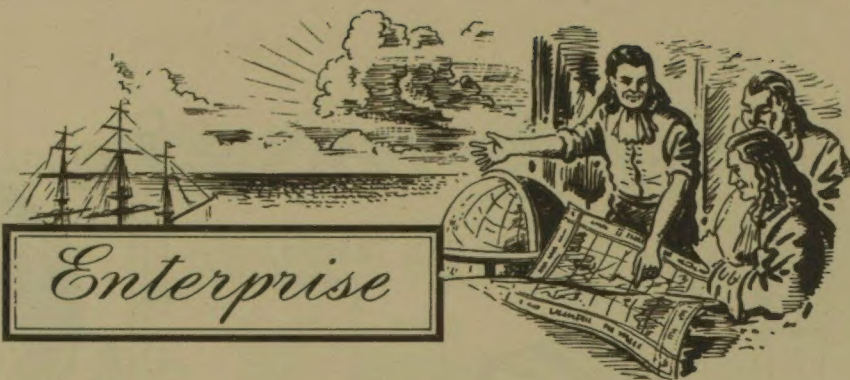
This in turn forms part of a greater expansion programme on a world-wide scale. Anglo-Iranian and its associated companies operate nine refineries in the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Italy and Australia. A tenth refinery recently went into production in Belgium and another new refinery is under construction now in the United Kingdom.

THE BP SHIELD IS THE SYMBOL OF



THE WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION OF

**Anglo-Iranian Oil Company**  
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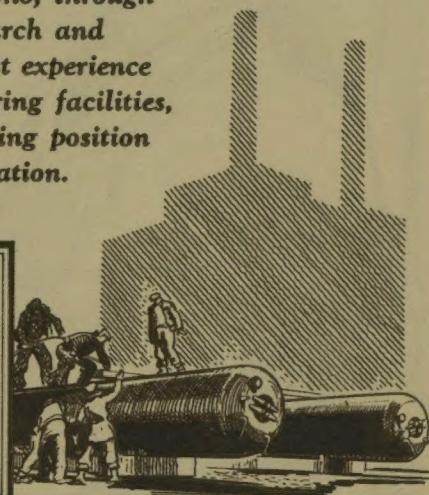


## Enterprise

The spirit of enterprise that urged on our forbears to new and greater achievement exists today in many of this country's leading industrial Companies.

These are in truth "great enterprises", and none greater, nor more enterprising than Babcock & Wilcox Ltd., who, through a policy of continued research and development backed by vast experience and unrivalled manufacturing facilities, have achieved an outstanding position in the field of steam generation.

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STEAM  
RAISING PLANT



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*These facts are published to show what British workers can achieve in spite of difficulties, given opportunity and backed by enterprise*

## It can be done

Holme Moss, most powerful television transmitter in the world, brings daily programmes from London to thousands of cosy firesides in the North. The British Broadcasting Corporation staff on the site—a remote peak of the Pennines 1,750 feet above sea level—have stout buildings of Yorkshire stone to work in, with cavity walls and double windows to keep them warm.

But what of the men who erected those buildings, made roads and laid drains across wild moorland and ravines when the thermometer never rose above freezing point for a month on end? They worked behind windbreaks

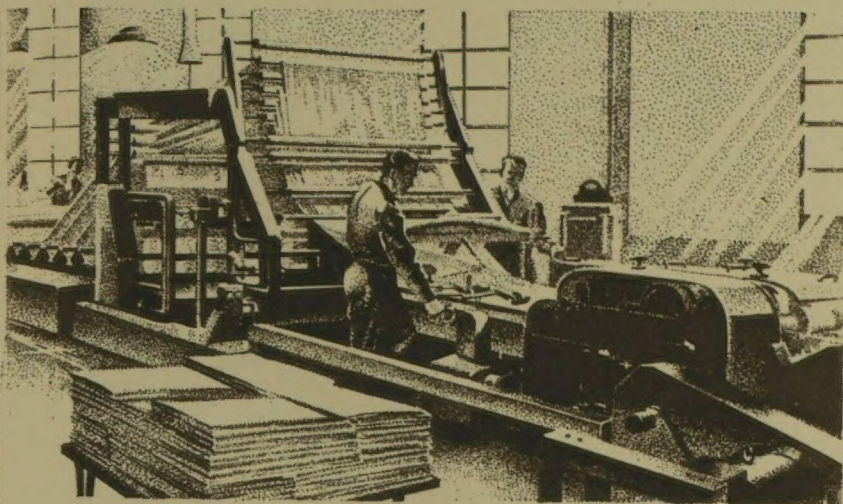
(which on one occasion were blown away), often enveloped in swirling cloud, sometimes drenched to the skin. Every stone they placed during the winter of 1950 was hacked out of the snow that lay for 22 weeks, and thawed and dried over the coke braziers that were the only source of heat. They never gave in. They not only finished the work on time; they made a good job of it. They worked with a will and they worked as a team.

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London, Carlisle, Johannesburg, Lusaka. Established in 1848



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*Medway Paper Sacks manufacture every type of multi-wall sack — sewn, pasted and stapled, valved and open-ended — including the Medway Sealdsac. Please write for details of Medway sack filling and closing machines and free packaging advisory service.*

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*Engineer Officer watches instrument panel of a B.O.A.C. Constellation.*

## B·O·A·C TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU to New York and Montreal

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**FIRST CLASS** Double-decked *Stratocruiser* spaciousness. Luxurious lower-deck lounge. Complimentary meals and mealtime drinks. Attentive night-long service. Foam-soft private berths (nominal extra charge).

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*In many lands in many languages the world's press has paid generous tribute to the Jaguar. Let their words on the Mark VII Saloon speak for themselves. "Indescribable beauty . . .", remarkably modern, yet in impeccable good taste.<sup>2</sup> Its roomy body seats six in comfort.<sup>3</sup> Four large suit-cases, four golf bags and other personal effects can be accommodated in the luggage boot with the lid closed.<sup>4</sup> With its famous XK120 engine, it can do a hundred plus miles an hour.<sup>5</sup> Britain's most outstanding car—and the fastest.<sup>6</sup>"*

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1952.



**VISITING THE FIRST "CHELSEA" OF HER REIGN: HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, ADMIRING THE SPANISH GARDEN, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SHOW.**

On the morning of May 20 her Majesty paid a visit to the great Flower Show of the Royal Horticultural Society in the Royal Hospital Grounds, Chelsea, before this—the world's best-loved flower show—was opened to the Fellows of the Society. She was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and took a keen interest in many of the exhibits. We show her here in what promised to

be the most striking of the set gardens—the Spanish garden, which has been largely brought from Spain, under the auspices of a Spanish society of garden lovers, and mainly on the initiative of the Marquesa de Casa Valdes, who can be seen (with her arm in a sling) a little to the left of the Queen. Other Chelsea pictures appear on later pages.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHEN I was younger I used to enjoy speaking in public. I cannot claim that it stimulated my audiences, but at least it stimulated me. Like most men of the desk and study, diffident and awkward in all ordinary relations with strangers, I found—once I had got used to it—that I felt not the slightest embarrassment in standing up, like a performing dog, on a platform and holding forth at great length to large numbers of persons who were mostly completely unknown to me. It gave me a sense of importance which I had normally little occasion to feel. After all, there is something very strengthening to human self-esteem in being listened to for an hour in complete silence by an apparently respectful crowd of one's fellow-beings and being even applauded and publicly thanked for one's eloquence at the end. It gave me the momentary illusion of being a man of charm. I might almost, for a few deceptive seconds, have been a minor politician or a film-star. Like a bride at her wedding, for once in my life I felt I was the centre of attraction!

This must suggest that I have a deplorable character, and I should be the last to deny it. After all, I have lived with it for more than half a

staff colleges where men, some of whose names become household words, discuss their trade and almost every subject under the sun with a zest and interest which I have never seen equalled even in a university common-room. I have travelled to such diverse lecturing places in crowded trains, in trams, in vast, empty, padded cars bearing the pennants of important military and naval personages, in aeroplanes, in motor-boats, in jeeps, in rickety old farm-vans, on bicycles. But the journeys I look back to with the greatest contentment were those on which I used to drive myself many years ago across the dark, wintry fields of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire when I was a young University Extension lecturer. When the lamps in the little, ancient house I then inhabited had been lit for the evening, I would leave my day's work lying on my desk, put on the black clothes appropriate for lecturing and an overcoat and muffler over them, and grope my way to the garage. I can still see in memory the light of the headlights as they lit the red brick and seventeenth-century timbers of the village while I threaded the winding corners, and the friendly hedges that beckoned me on across that enchanted land of elms and misty streams. Often it was raining, often

foggy, sometimes snowy; at other times the fields would be bathed in moonlight, or the sky clear and starry, with frost crackling and singing in the telephone wires overhead. But I never much minded the weather; I was complete, I felt, in my little moving world, with its talc and Triplex glass walls. Something of the friendly glow that I knew would be waiting at the other end communicated itself to those journeys: the packed lecture-halls, the concourse of friendly countrymen or townsfolk whom I used to meet week after week or fortnight after fortnight throughout the winter, and who sometimes, at the end of a lecturing season, would make me, I recall, a present of a basket of eggs or garden produce—the equivalent, I suppose, of the actress's bouquet! Once, indeed, at one of these rustic lectures, I gave an involuntary theatrical performance which, judging by the pleasure it caused, fully merited an encore and a floral tribute. The particular audience which witnessed it was a

rather small and exceptionally stolid, though very loyal, one, meeting in the elementary school of a small country town notorious for its indifference to culture and the higher thought and its reluctance to attend lectures. Owing to the lack of any other accommodation, its members used to have to sit in school desks far too small for their adult and, in one or two cases, very ample persons. I was more fortunate, having in my rôle of lecturer, to stand up at mine. But it so happened that on this occasion a school teacher earlier in the day had left a stump of charcoal in the pencil-tray before me. This I began absent-mindedly to finger as I talked, and then, in pursuance of a habit of mine when engaged in thought, to rub my fingers up and down across my forehead. The suppressed titterings and almost apoplectic heavings in an audience so normally undemonstrative greatly astonished me; indeed, after a time I began to get annoyed. But when I had finished speaking and the secretary—a confidential little man—begged me to retire and look at my face in a mirror before answering questions, I realised that my audience, far from displaying ill-manners, had exercised the most commendable restraint. For while I talked to them of the Industrial Revolution—or it may have been of mediæval roads and travellers, or minor Elizabethan dramatists—I had striped my face and forehead with as many stripes as a zebra. No oratory in which I have been able to indulge can ever, I am certain, have given half the pleasure and satisfaction as this involuntary and unconscious variety turn. For a few minutes in my undistinguished life I knew what it was to be a Grimaldi or a Dan Leno.

GENERAL EISENHOWER'S FAREWELL VISIT TO LONDON.



AFTER HAVING LUNCHEON WITH THE QUEEN AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AND VISITING QUEEN MARY: GENERAL OF THE ARMY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER AND MRS. EISENHOWER DURING THEIR LONDON VISIT.

General Eisenhower, who will be succeeded on May 30 by General Ridgway as Supreme Commander, Allied Forces in Europe, arrived in London on May 15 for a two-day farewell visit. In the morning General and Mrs. Eisenhower were received by Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. After luncheon at Buckingham Palace with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh they were received by Queen Mary at Marlborough House. In the evening the Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill gave a dinner for them at 10, Downing Street. A lunch was given for General Eisenhower by Field Marshal Earl Alexander, the Minister of Defence, on May 16. Before leaving London Airport, in the afternoon of the same day, General Eisenhower held an informal Press conference and inspected guards of honour from the three armed Services.

Yet, though it is now for all practical purposes a thing of the past, I have enjoyed my time as a lecturer. Everyone looks back with pleasure to the days when he or she felt young and buoyant; when everyone and everything seemed coming one's way. I think it was the journeys I loved most. Lecturing in peace and war has taken me to so many places I should never otherwise have visited; to draughty, paraffin-smelling, yet somehow infinitely cosy and friendly parish halls in quiet country villages on winter nights, to municipal libraries in North Country industrial towns, as substantially and solidly built as the characters of the men and women who frequent them, to schools set in ancient groves and playing-fields or, alternatively, surrounded by bleak walls and tram-lines, yet full of the same indefinable spirit of hope and endeavour which is the hall-mark of nine out of ten of the English schools I have visited in the past quarter of a century. Here I always feel, as I watch the pupils and listen to the masters, the battle for the human future is being waged without anyone outside apparently having the remotest idea of its importance or taking the least interest in it; how little attempt seems to be made, for all our talk about and immense expenditure on social services, to ensure that the work which is begun at school continues when the eager boy or girl is sent out into the busy, unheeding world of office and factory, street and cinema! Lecturing, too, has taken me to the mess-decks of crowded battleships, to the drawing-rooms of great London houses—when such places still existed—to the huts of isolated searchlight and gun-crews in muddy, inaccessible fields, to canteens full of wistful, khaki-clad exiles in the valleys of the Nile and Tigris, to



## ASIA, FRANCE AND ENGLAND: EVENTS MILITARY AND SILVICULTURAL.



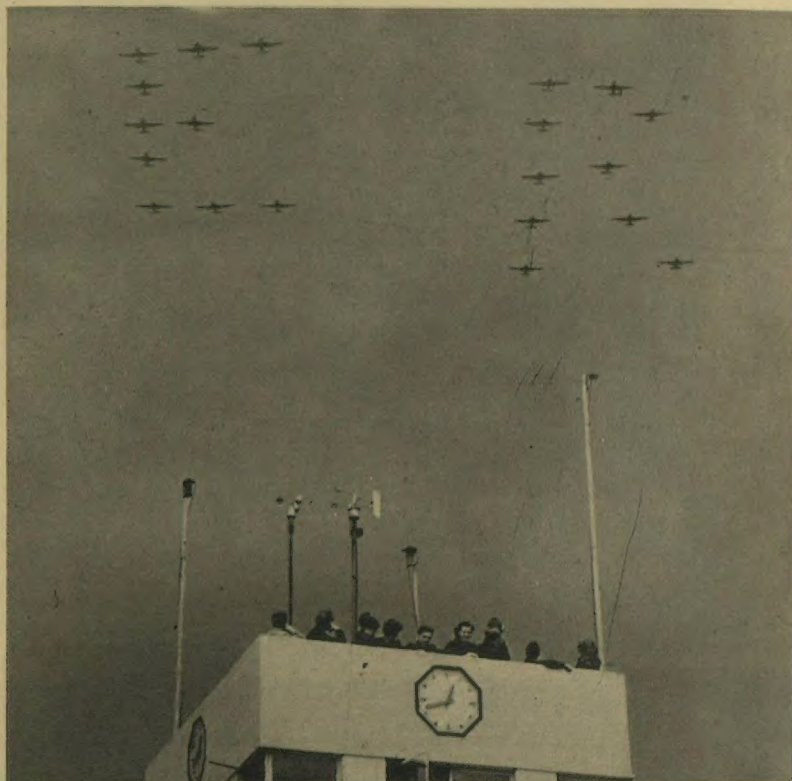
THE KOJE P.O.W. CAMP INCIDENT: A SIGN PAINTED BY COMMUNIST PRISONERS AND DISPLAYED ON THE WIRE FOLLOWING THE KIDNAPPING OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL DODD. On May 7 Brigadier-General F. T. Dodd, the U.S. commander of the U.N. prison camp on Koje Island, was seized and held by Communist prisoners. Brigadier-General Colson was flown to the island to replace him, and in order to recover his colleague, made certain admissions and offered certain concessions. He later sent the ringleaders a stiffer message and an ultimatum. Brigadier-General Dodd was released unharmed. General Clark later stated that Brigadier-General Colson's promises had been extracted under duress.



"OPERATION QUESTION" IN ACTION: A CHINESE WOMAN PUTTING A COMPLETED QUESTIONNAIRE IN A SEALED BOX IN THE PRESENCE OF A VILLAGE REPRESENTATIVE. On May 10 questionnaires were distributed in five Malay towns, in South Kedah, Selangor, Central Pahang, Central Johore and South Johore, to enable the inhabitants to give information about Communist bandits, in safety. The completed papers were placed in locked boxes before a village representative and these boxes were opened at Kuala Lumpur, also in the presence of local representatives.



A FEAT OF GREAT DIFFICULTY—JETS AND SLOW TRAINERS FLYING IN FORMATION—TO MARK THE FORTIETH BIRTHDAY OF THE R.A.F. CENTRAL FLYING SCHOOL. The R.A.F. Central Flying School at Little Rissington came into being (before the R.A.F.) in 1912, and among its first pupils were Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard and Sir Frank Whittle. At the fortieth birthday celebrations on May 13, the feat in the picture above of (from top to bottom) a *Meteor*, a *Spitfire*, an *Anson*, a *Harvard* and a *Vampire*, flying together is remarkable, as the *Anson's* top speed is 140 m.p.h., far below the comfortable slowest possible for jets.



THE ROYAL CIPHER—"E.R."—WRITTEN IN THE SKIES BY TWENTY HARVARDS FLYING IN FORMATION DURING THE BIRTHDAY CEREMONIES AT LITTLE RISSINGTON.



LIKE A FANTASTIC GUARD OF HONOUR AT A MILITARY WEDDING OF THE FUTURE: TANKS LINED UP ALONG THE APPROACH TO RHEIMS CATHEDRAL DURING A PARADE. On May 11 the French 7th Tank Regiment received its colours at a ceremony held in front of Rheims Cathedral. During this parade the tanks of the regiment were drawn up on either side of the approach to the Cathedral, with their guns swung to form a long archway of approach.



A VISTA IN THE WINKWORTH ARBORETUM, LATELY PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST, AND THE TRUST'S FIRST AND ONLY ARBORETUM—NEAR GODALMING, SURREY. On May 27 Lord Aberconway has arranged to accept on behalf of the National Trust the deeds of the Winkworth Arboretum from Dr. Wilfrid Fox, the donor. The Arboretum comprises some 60 acres of hill-side, south-east of Godalming, and is especially rich in whitebeams, mountain ashes and service trees.





BEGONIAS THE SIZE OF CAULIFLOWERS: SOME OF THE REMARKABLE BLOOMS EXHIBITED BY MESSRS. BLACKMORE AND LANDON.



(ABOVE.) ARRANGING FOR A SPECTACULAR EXHIBIT IN THE GREAT MARQUEE: A READING FIRM PREPARING A MASS DISPLAY OF DIMORPHOTHECAS—"STAN OF THE VELDT."



(ABOVE.) CARNATIONS OF THE VARIETY "ARTHUR ALLWOOD" BEING PREPARED FOR EXHIBIT AT CHELSEA ON THE EVE OF THE WORLD'S BEST-LOVED FLOWER SHOW.



A NOBLE RHODODENDRON, WITH OTHER SHRUBS, INCLUDING JAPANESE MAPLES—PART OF A CHELSEA EXHIBIT.



BY Monday, May 19, the exhibitors were hard at work in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, creating the world's most famous and best-loved flower show, which was due to receive the Royal visit of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. on the morning of May 20. In the afternoon of the same day, the great show was opened to the Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society and on May 21-23 to the members of the public. The difficulties of the exhibitors had been increased by a blazing heat-wave in the week-end preceding the show, which tended to rush all exhibitors' anxieties.

(LEFT.) WATERING THE SHRUBS IN THE FORMAL TREESIDE GARDEN LAID OUT BY RALPH HANCOCK AND SON. THE WEEK-END HEAT-WAVE BEFORE THE SHOW ADDED TO EXHIBITORS' ANXIETIES.



(Continued.) the earmarked plants into a premature glory; but, as always, wonders were performed by the exhibitors, and this small selection of photographs, taken on the eve of the Show, gives some idea of the brilliance of the plants and the scale and magnificence of the garden exhibits. One of the most interesting of the latter promised to be the Spanish garden, which had been built by Messrs. William Wood and Son, Ltd., of Taplow, for a society of Spanish garden-lovers, mainly with materials such as iron, stone and tiles specially brought from Spain and many plants specially flown from Madrid.

(RIGHT.) A PEEP INTO THE SPANISH GARDEN—THE EXHIBIT SPONSORED BY THE SOCIEDAD DE AMIGOS DEL PAISAJE Y JARDINES, MUCH OF WHICH WAS BROUGHT FROM SPAIN.



BUILDING A "MOUNTAINSIDE" WITH MOUNTAIN BURN COMPLETE: THE STAFF OF GEORGE G. WHITELEGG PLANTING UP THE ROCK-GARDEN OF WEATHERED LIMESTONE IN THE CHELSEA HOSPITAL GROUNDS.

BASED ON THE ARAB GARDEN OF THE GENERALIFE AT GRANADA: THE DELIGHTFUL SPANISH EXHIBIT AT CHELSEA, IN A POIL OF WHITE WALLS AND GLAZED TILE WALKS.



AN INFORMAL GARDEN ERECTED BY IAN WALKER, OF SILVER BIRCH LOGS AND THATCH, WITH

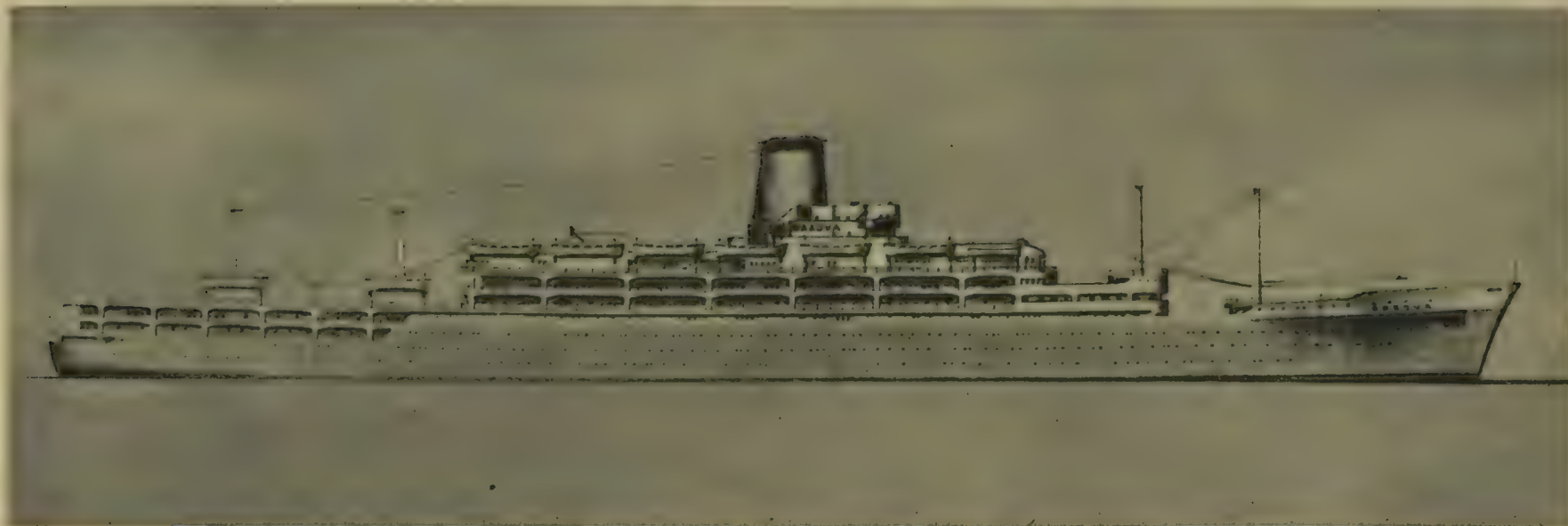
ODDSTONE, WHICH MAKES GREAT USE OF RUSTIC WORK IN A STREAM AND WATERSIDE PLANTS.



WATER, ROCK, AND FLOWERS IN A ROCK-GARDEN EXHIBIT BY THE WINKFIELD MANOR NURSERIES, WITH A DECEPTIVE AIR OF PERMANENCE—A TRIUMPH ALIKE OF HORTICULTURE AND ORGANIZATION.



## MATTERS MARITIME, AND THE U.S. LANDING AT THE NORTH POLE.



A LINER WITHOUT A MAST: A DRAUGHTSMAN'S IMPRESSION OF *ORSOVA*, NOW BEING BUILT FOR THE ORIENT LINE'S AUSTRALIAN SERVICE.

For reasons of function rather than of design, the passenger liner *Orsova*, 28,000 tons gross, now being built for the Orient Line by Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd., at Barrow, is to have no mast. Her engines have been moved forward, which entailed moving her funnel 6 ft. forward. To avoid moving the mast

forward and reducing the space of the Games Deck forward of the Bridge, it was decided to merge the funnel and mast into one unit. So the funnel will be used to carry the wireless and essential rigging for signal halyards. It is hoped that *Orsova* will be launched early next year.



THE AMERICAN LINER *UNITED STATES*: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE UNUSUAL DESIGN OF THE FUNNELS OF THE NEW VESSEL.



HAILED IN THE U.S. AS BEING "THE SAFEST, SOUNDEST AND POSSIBLY THE FASTEST VESSEL AFLOAT": THE *UNITED STATES*.

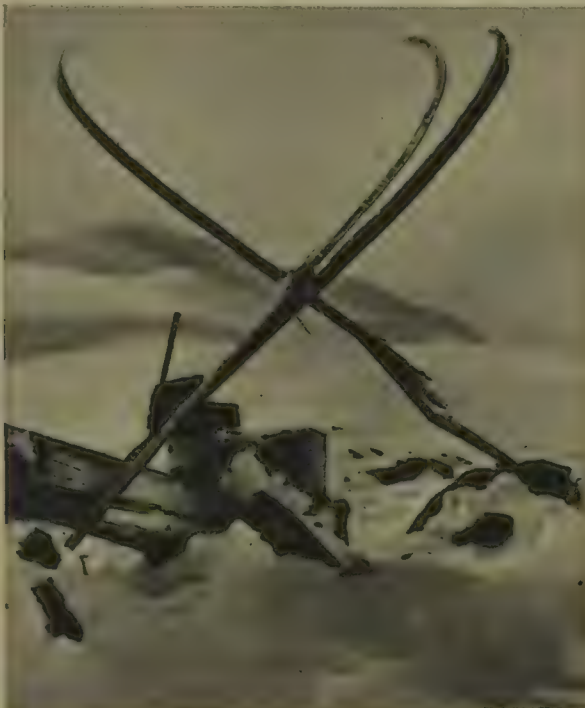
The new American liner *United States*, the largest and most ambitious commercial vessel ever to be built in the U.S., left her dock at Newport News, Virginia, on May 14 for her first trials. Her gross tonnage is estimated by her designers at 51,500. It is claimed in the U.S. that the new liner will prove much faster than the *Queen Mary*—which holds the Atlantic Blue Riband—or the *Queen Elizabeth*. Both the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth* are bigger than the *United States*, which is 990 ft. long, 101 ft. 6 ins. wide, 175 ft. from keel to top forward funnel, and has twelve decks. She can carry 2,000 passengers, and has been designed for conversion into a troop transport in the event of war. The above photograph shows her during her first trial run.



A FEATURE OF THE NEW AMERICAN LINER *UNITED STATES* NOW UNDERGOING TRIALS: THE SECRET RADAR MAST, WITH ENCLOSED CROW'S NEST.



PLACING THE STARS AND STRIPES ON AN OIL-DRUM MONUMENT TO MARK THE GEOGRAPHIC NORTH POLE: TWO MEMBERS OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE EXPEDITION.



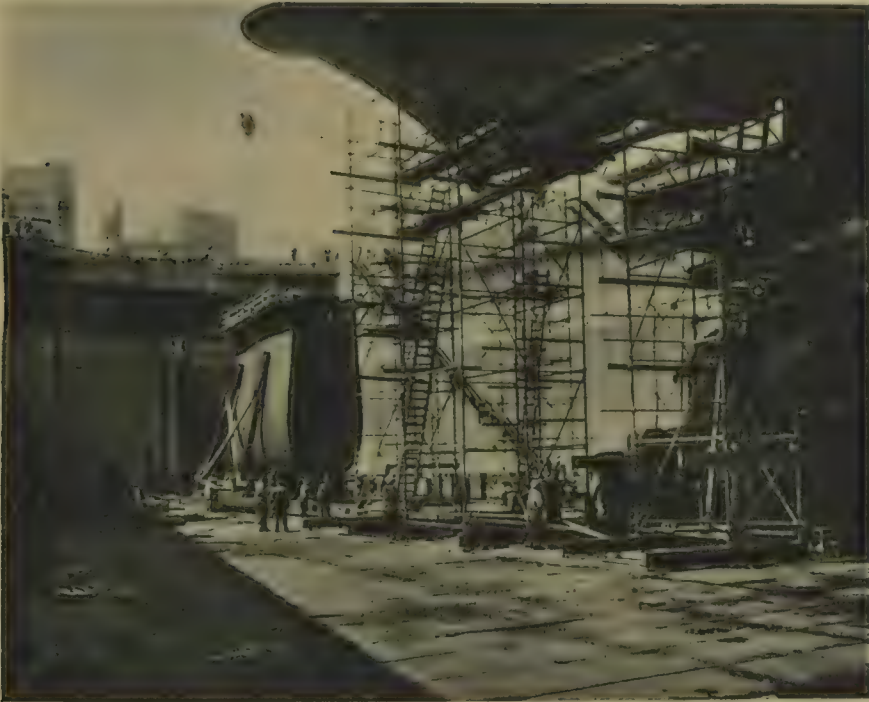
MARKED BY THREE BROKEN SLED RUNNERS: A CACHE OF WOOD CRATED METAL BOXES LEFT BY ADMIRAL PEARY'S 1906 EXPEDITION SOME 413 MILES FROM THE POLE. A U.S. Air Force C-47 transport aircraft equipped with skis and wheels made the first landing at the geographical North Pole early in May. The crew and scientists spent over three hours at the Pole taking measurements, and then returned to their base on Fletcher's Island. Members of the expedition found a cache of wood crated metal boxes and a signpost left by members of Admiral Peary's expedition in 1906 some 413 miles from the Pole.



EXAMINING A SIGNPOST ERECTED BY MEMBERS OF ADMIRAL PEARY'S EXPEDITION IN 1906: TWO U.S. AIRMEN.



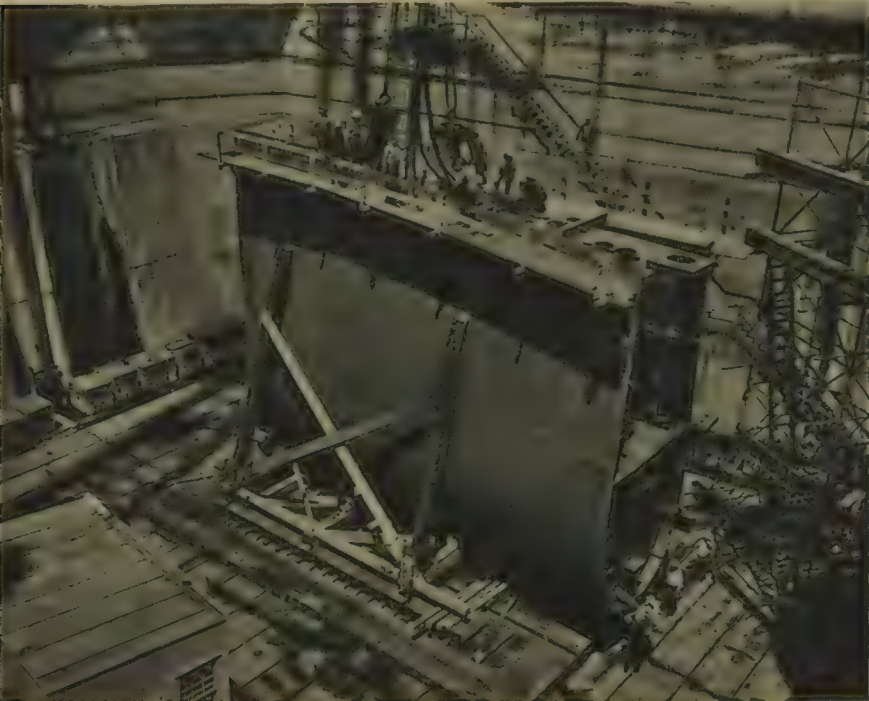
# THE CARRIER WASP REPAIRED: A U.S. NAVAL "GRAFTING" OPERATION.



SHOWING THE BOW SECTION OF THE CARRIER *HORNET* LOWERED TO THE FLOOR OF THE BAYONNE DRY-DOCK READY TO BE POSITIONED UNDER *WASP*: A VIEW OF THE OPERATION.



THE EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE SUFFERED BY *WASP* IN COLLISION WITH THE DESTROYER-MINESWEEPER *HOBSON*: A VIEW OF THE BOWS OF THE CARRIER.

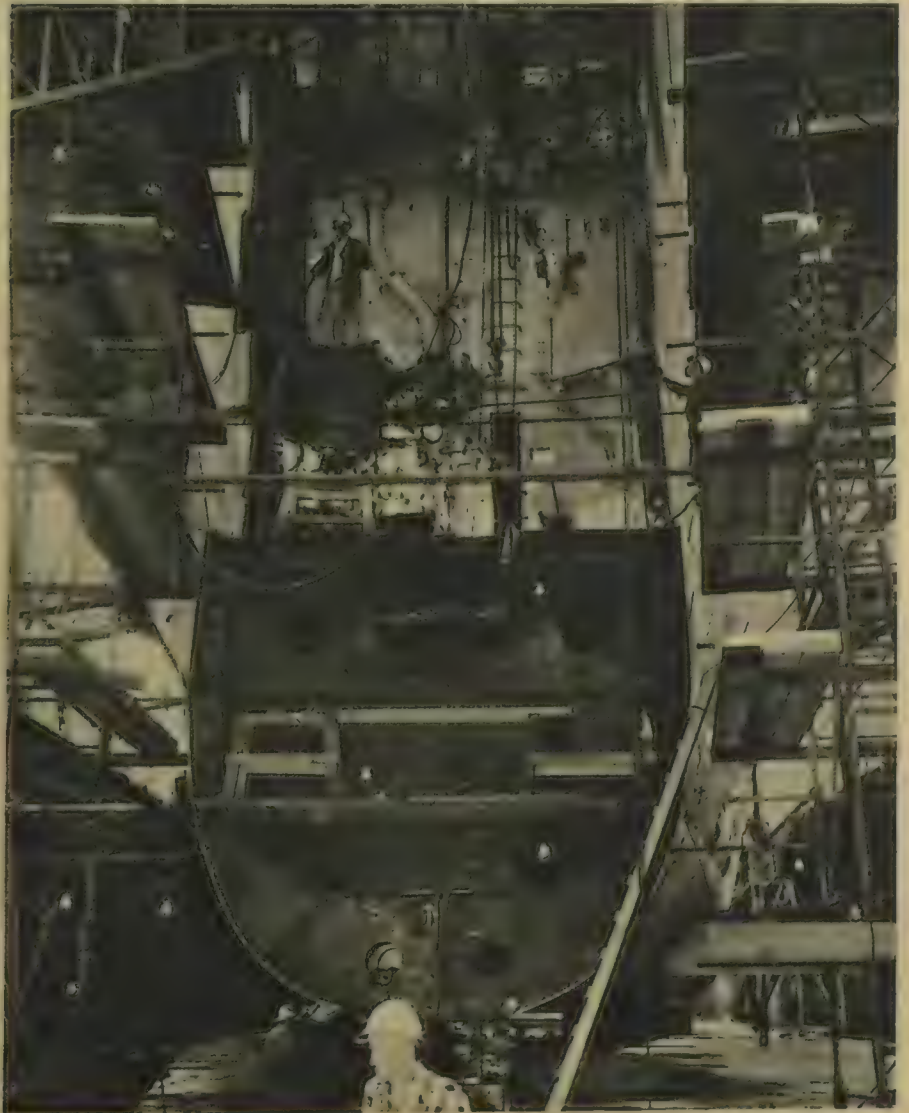


PREPARING THE BOW SECTION OF *HORNET* FOR TRANSFER TO THE CARRIER *WASP*: WORKMEN ATTACHING SLINGS AFTER THE SECTION HAD BEEN MOVED CLEAR OF THE CARRIER.

Following the collision with the destroyer-minesweeper *Hobson* on April 26, in which the destroyer sank with a loss of 176 lives, the aircraft carrier *Wasp*, with a jagged 75-ft.-long hole in her bows, made for New York harbour, at times steaming stern first in gales and high seas. *Wasp* reached safety on May 6, and after her ammunition had been taken off she went into dry-dock at Bayonne, New Jersey, for repairs. In order that *Wasp* should be ready for duty again in



PREPARING THE "GRAFT" FROM THE U.S.S. *HORNET*: THE BOW SECTION READY FOR REMOVAL IN A CRADLE WHICH WAS WARPED FORWARD ON ROLLERS FOR TRANSFER TO *WASP*.



TRIMMED BACK TO THE UNDAUNTED PORTION READY TO RECEIVE THE "GRAFT" FROM *HORNET*: THE BOWS OF THE CARRIER *WASP* PREPARED FOR THE OPERATION.

as short a time as possible, it was decided to remove the bow section from her sister-ship *Hornet*, which is now being reconditioned at the New York Naval Shipyard, and "graft" it on *Wasp*. Our photographs show this operation being carried out. After the bow of *Hornet* had been detached it was pulled forward in a cradle on rollers and then lifted by cranes for transfer to the dry-dock, where *Wasp* lay with her damaged bows trimmed back to receive the "graft."



## A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE OF JAMES I.'s REIGN.

"THE MURDER OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY"; By WILLIAM McELWEE.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

AT first sight of this book, I quailed slightly. I thought that long ago I had read quite enough about the Overbury Murder: the slime of which, trailing over the pages of every account of James I.'s reign, tends to give the impression that it was a period of sudden and universal corruption, merely because this one set of characters were near the throne—apart from the unwarrantable hints thrown out by some men as to the King himself being implicated. And there are stories, even of crime and intrigue, of which one can get thoroughly tired, even if they do not involve people in high places. But Mr. McElwee's preface suggested that I might change my mind; and I hadn't got far into the book before I knew that here was the fullest, most precise and conscientious treatment of the subject which I have ever come across, and that Mr. McElwee, for all his strictly imposed self-limitations, had also produced a very skilfully arranged narrative, and a very graphic and moving picture of a group of people against a vivid background of their age.

Mr. McElwee lets us know at once where he stands: "This book is the outcome of a conviction that a piece of history, if it is properly written, is a better story than any novel that can be written about it. The story of Overbury, in its main outlines, is fairly well known and a certain amount has been written about it; but, as far as I know, no attempt has ever before been made to tell the whole story as an accurate and straightforward narrative. Sir Edward Parry's book 'The Overbury Mystery,' for example, published in 1926, takes as its motto on the title-page: 'Fancy with fact is but one fact the more.' The fancy and the fact have in fact got so muddled that it is more or less an historical novel. I have tried here to tell the story as nearly as possible as the events took place. Of course much of the evidence is hearsay and would not pass in a court of law. But I have contemporary authority for every fact and all the dialogue quoted. I have tried to avoid all speculation as to what must, or might, have happened and to stick to what I believe actually did happen and so to tell a story which I believe to be good enough to stand on its own merits without any embellishment."

Various elements come out as strongly as they could in any novel: the struggle for power between the Howard clan and their rivals, the prevalence of quacks and sorcerers, and the disastrous results of James's overweening fondness for, and promotion of, elegant young men. But the central themes are the Essex divorce and the murder to which it led.

Lord Essex was the son of Elizabeth's beheaded favourite; his wife was the daughter of Lord Suffolk, who had, as Lord Thomas Howard, been the famous seaman who is recorded in Tennyson's "Bevenge." They were married as boy and girl, with Jonson and Inigo Jones producing masques for the wedding. Essex went off for some years to complete his education; when he returned, his seventeen-year-old wife was "a spoilt beauty, head over ears in love with the King's favourite"—Robert Carr, later Lord Rochester and Earl of Somerset. Carr was already under the influence of another attractive young man, Thomas Overbury, very handsome, much more accomplished (he wrote passable verse and prose), but conceited, over-confident, blind to the dangers which surrounded him and prone to give unforgivable offence. "Carr is the King's Master and Overbury is Carr's," went the saying. The Howards (though not her father) saw a chance of using Lady Essex to displace Overbury and get control over the favourite. She was after her own game and soon was on the path towards the poison which she so sedulously and, in the end, successfully, had conveyed to Overbury when he was in the Tower: "In May, 1611, when Essex was at last sufficiently recovered to come up to London and fetch her, the Countess carried with her down to Staffordshire to console her a number of sinister potions which she was to mix in his food and which were guaranteed

to cool the ardour of his love-making. At the time Mrs. Turner had been provided with some others, which she had promised to get



SIR THOMAS OVERBURY (1581-1613).  
ENGLISH POET AND ESSAYIST, AND THE  
VICTIM OF ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL  
CRIMES IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

From the painting by Cornelius Johnson.  
Reproduced by permission of Bodley's  
Librarian.

Illustrations reproduced from the book  
"The Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury";  
by Courtesy of the Publisher, Faber.

administered to Lord Rochester, and which were calculated to have an exactly opposite effect." Meanwhile Rochester, as besotted as she, was getting his talented Overbury to write letters and sonnets for him to send on to her as his own. There was an interruption when Overbury was temporarily exiled, having infuriated their Majesties by his indiscretions. He came back more overbearing than ever. Lady Essex was attempting to get a nullity decree against her

husband. Overbury had letters which would have revealed her relationship with Carr and made divorce impossible. He took a blackmailing line. His enemies got him offered a mission to Moscow; he refused to leave the country and made sarcastic remarks about the Court; he was committed to the Tower, which he never left again. Lady Essex set about poisoning schemes at once; never was Overbury to give her away.

It is impossible to summarise this crowded book here: a judge would take days summing-up on the evidence. Many well-known figures appear, as well as a swarm of the squalid obscure. Campion, the exquisite poet, is surprisingly, if unwittingly, involved, and the great Bacon, as usual, behaves in a way which does not square with his lofty writings and eminence as a philosopher. A more determined murderess can seldom have existed; many times thwarted, she got arsenic into the tormented man at last. She "got away with" her divorce but not with the murder; she and her new husband found

themselves in the dock, whither some of her accomplices had preceded her. It is odd that she had never poisoned Essex; but she was very young.

Four people were executed for the crime; the Somersets were condemned to death, confined to the Tower, kept there for six years, and then pardoned, to the disappointment of the populace. Somerset, who was probably innocent, was more closely confined than his lady; her confession was held to mitigate her crime, and when she was pardoned it was, in the face of all the

FRANCES HOWARD, COUNTESS OF ESSEX AND  
SOMERSET.

Reproduced from the painting in the National  
Portrait Gallery, by permission of the Director.

facts, impudently stated "that she was not principal, but accessory before the fact, and drawn to it by the instigation of base persons." "The passionate love to which everything, including Overbury's life, had been sacrificed, did not survive their ruin... Though they met formally at meals, they never spoke, and each dragged out a solitary misery." Lady Somerset lived for eleven years after her release from the Tower, "sinking gradually through melancholia into mania"; Somerset survived until 1645. They had a daughter, who against fierce family opposition, married Lord William Russell, who became first Duke of Bedford. "The character and career of Lady Anne Carr, later Countess of Bedford, were indeed the most improbable conclusion of the whole story of the Somersets' ungoverned passion. She seems to have inherited nothing from her parents except her beauty and when she came by accident in the library of a great country house upon a pamphlet describing the Overbury case, and learnt her mother's story for the first time, she fainted clean away. She was in every way a contrast to her mother: quiet, affectionate, and with great strength of character, so that the whole Russell family came not only to love her, but to depend on her judgment in every crisis. She lived on until 1684, and her portrait by Van Dyck still hangs at Woburn as a final and curious commentary on the story of the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury."

As for the retiring young Essex, he took to soldiering, served abroad, and finally commanded a Parliamentary army in the Civil War. He married again, and that second marriage ended in a separation. He doubtless took a dim view of the Stuarts.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 896 of this issue.



ROBERT CARR, EARL OF SOMERSET (1590-1645).  
From the painting by Cornelius Johnson. Repro-  
duced by permission of the Director of the National  
Portrait Gallery.



ANNE CARR, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD, DAUGHTER OF THE  
EARL AND COUNTESS OF SOMERSET, WHO "SEEMS TO HAVE  
INHERITED NOTHING FROM HER PARENTS EXCEPT HER  
BEAUTY... SHE WAS IN EVERY WAY A CONTRAST TO  
HER MOTHER: QUIET, AFFECTIONATE, AND WITH GREAT  
STRENGTH OF CHARACTER..."

From the painting by Van Dyck at Woburn Abbey. Repro-  
duced by permission of His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

\* "The Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury." By William McElwee.  
Illustrated. (Faber; 21s.)



MR. WILLIAM McELWEE, THE AUTHOR OF  
THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. William McElwee, who is history master at Stowe School, has previously written both serious historical works and successful novels. He describes this book as "the outcome of a conviction that a piece of history, if it is properly written, is a better story than any novel that can be written about it."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.





AT SURFACE STATIONS OFF PLYMOUTH: THE COMMANDING OFFICER AND FIRST LIEUTENANT OF A MIDGET SUBMARINE SUCH AS HAS BEEN USED IN RECENT NAVAL EXERCISES.



SHOWING THE FORWARD BATTERY COMPARTMENT, WITH SOME OF THE COVERING BOARDS REMOVED: THE INTERIOR OF A BRITISH MIDGET SUBMARINE.



AT THE HELM OF A MIDGET SUBMARINE: LEADING ELECTRICIAN M. O. SKELTON, WITH ENGINEER D. M. ROCKET ON HIS LEFT, HOLDING THE VESSEL ON HER COURSE OFF PLYMOUTH.



ATTENDING TO THE DIESEL ENGINE WHILE RUNNING ON THE SURFACE: STOKER-MECHANIC D. A. LOWE WORKING IN CRAMPED QUARTERS.

IT was recently reported that British midget submarines would be used in naval exercises which were due to commence on May 19 off the north coast of France. These minesweeping and seaward defence exercises were to be controlled by a French Flag Officer, and ships from the United Kingdom, France and the Netherlands were to take part. Britain has four midget submarines of the "XE" class, and these vessels have a displacement of 30-34 tons, are 53 ft. long and can proceed at 6½ knots. On the surface they run on Diesel engines and when submerged are propelled by an electric motor. Our photographs show one of these vessels off Plymouth, with her commanding officer, Lieut. H. T. Verry, R.N., and the First Lieutenant at their very precarious surface stations; and details of the interior of the craft. The majority of the crews of these small vessels volunteer for the service.



RESEMBLING THE COCKPIT OF A GIANT AIRCRAFT: THE FIRST LIEUTENANT, LIEUT. M. C. M. SMITH, R.N., AT THE DIVING CONTROLS.

"SHRIMPS" OF THE SUBMARINE SERVICE: ABOARD A BRITISH MIDGET SUBMARINE AT SEA OFF PLYMOUTH.





**"BEEF ON THE HOOF—AND BEEF ON THE WING": A METHOD OF SLAUGHTER AND REFRIGERATION ON**  
(TOP, LEFT) DRIVING CATTLE 300 MILES TO THE COASTAL ABATTOIR—A PROCESS WHICH TAKES AT LEAST THIRTY DAYS, WITH RESULTANT LOSS OF QUALITY  
THE MEAT AT TOP QUALITY. (BELOW) THE GLENROY EXPERIMENTAL ABATTOIR AND REFRIGERATION STATION,

Perhaps the chief problem in the development of the northern ranges of Australia as cattle-producing country is transport. Here, in Queensland, the Northern Territory and Western Australia are magnificent grazing-grounds, but no railways and next to no roads beyond rough stock trails. Beef can consequently only reach the market if the cattle are driven overland to coastal abattoirs, there to be slaughtered and refrigerated. Only cattle six or seven years old can manage this long trek and all lose in weight and condition. In the last four years, however,

a private company called Air Beef Ltd., the shares of which are held by Australian National Airways and farming interests in the Kimberley area of north-west Western Australia, has developed a new method which may well revolutionise the Australian north-west. At a cattle station called Glenroy, in the centre of the Kimberley area, they have built an abattoir with a refrigeration plant. During the killing season (May to August) cattle are driven over short distances from near-by ranges—the mustering and settling time averages about three days—are slaughtered

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



**THE RANGE AND INSTANT AIR TRANSPORT WHICH MAY REVOLUTIONISE AUSTRALIAN MEAT PRODUCTION.**  
AND QUANTITY OF MEAT. (TOP, RIGHT) FLYING THE FROZEN CARCASSES TO THE SAME COASTAL POINT—A PROCESS WHICH TAKES 11 HOURS AND PRESERVES  
SHOWING THE FROZEN CARCASSES TRAVELLING ON THE GANTRY DIRECT INTO THE HOLD OF THE FREIGHT AIRCRAFT.

and immediately refrigerated. During this period a freighter aircraft, as shown in our drawing, flies twice a day between Glenroy and the port of Wyndham. The frozen carcasses travel by gantry from the abattoir into the aircraft, and are flown immediately to the refrigerated store at Wyndham. In this way they can be loaded into a ship in prime quality direct from the pasture. Young and old cattle can both be dealt with, since there is no exhausting journey to be considered and the station can in consequence be operated much more economically. Furthermore, who has been recently visiting Australia.

the return journeys of the aircraft can be used to bring in stores and the stations can in consequence be conveniently developed and their amenities improved. Since this scheme has started, pig-farming and sorghum-growing have both been developed at or near Glenroy, as in this way the waste products of the abattoir can be used locally to good advantage. Such plants can, of course, be developed at strategic points all over the cattle ranges and may well lead to a snowballing development of prosperity for Australia and a notable increase in world meat production.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU  
AUSTRALIA 1952



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD

### THE END OF A MISSION.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

A FEW weeks ago the British Military Mission to Greece was withdrawn. The closure of its service in Greece, which had lasted since the year 1945, was made the occasion of strong and obviously sincere tributes by the Greek Government and fighting Services. They were not the first. In 1949, when the 2nd Infantry Brigade, representing the last British troops, was withdrawn, Field Marshal Papagos wrote in a special Order of the Day: "Besides the material and moral assistance that Great Britain has given to the fighting Greek people from 1940 up to now, she has also shown her great interest in the organisation and training of our post-war Army in the light of the experience gained during the last war. . . . The British Military Mission appointed to train the Greek Army since 1945 has achieved a magnificent job. . . . General Down and his assistants have succeeded in communicating to the post-war Army their knowledge gained during long war experience, and their efforts have been justified by the remarkable victories of this year." Since many people are likely to hold vague notions about the tasks of a military mission, it may be of interest to consider what they were in this case.

First, however, a word is required about the withdrawal of the Mission. Why, it may be asked, if it had done such good work, should it have been recalled? Well, perhaps the very success of its work may stand for one reason. What is more important is that the provision of equipment, which since the present high standard of the Greek Army was reached has been the vital side of the work, has long been in the hands of the American Mission. As long ago as 1947 the British Government, which had hitherto provided equipment and supplies for the Greek Army and also for the Royal Hellenic Navy and Royal Hellenic Air Force, announced that it could not continue to do so. President Truman then stated that the United States would take up the task. At that time—a most unsatisfactory phase of the "bandit war"—the British Mission, with its long experience and its intimate knowledge of Greek conditions, was still needed from the point of view of organisation and training. This is no longer the case. Certainly up to the last the Mission did not cease to render good service and to provide a most valuable link between the two countries. But it was costly and occupied officers required elsewhere. So, reluctantly, it was decided that it must be withdrawn.

At the start, though the task before it was important, it did not seem likely to cause great difficulty to experienced staff officers. Though there was a Greek Navy and a small Greek Air Force, there could hardly be said to be a Greek Army. In fact, this consisted of a couple of brigades and the reservists. Yet the outlook was not deeply clouded; it was a case of reorganisation in conditions of peace. Among the affairs in which the Greeks accepted British advice and assistance were the reform of the War Ministry and General Staff; the creation of a Staff College—somewhat delayed owing to shortage of officers for the bandit war; the creation of armoured units; the re-equipment and training in the technical and tactical handling of the new material of infantry, artillery and engineers; the budding-off of a Signals Corps, as our Royal Corps of Signals had been budded off from our Royal Engineers; the formation of separate corps corresponding to the British R.A.O.C., R.A.S.C. and R.E.M.E. A big job, especially in an agricultural country where technical man-power was not easy to find; yet, as I have said, it seemed well within the scope of the Mission.

The Communists decided to interrupt the proceedings. They chose a time at which, though the Greek Army had made good progress, it still fell short of the standard to which it was to be raised, and British demobilisation, in Greece, as everywhere else, was far advanced. The Mission itself had been reduced, in the interests of economy, and British officers were no longer attached to brigades and battalions. By July, 1946, the task of dealing with the bandits had clearly become too serious to be left to the Gendarmerie, and the Greek Army had taken over responsibility for internal security. The problem to be faced was whether Greece could afford to use a large proportion of her experienced officers and men to train recruits to her growing Army, or whether she would have to employ her trained man-power in the field. The Mission had to do its best to insure that the training side was not forgotten in the emergency, but its schemes to create a balanced force of all arms were prejudiced. The cry was all for infantry. Unfortunately, too, the infantry was misused as the result of political pressure. Every threatened village was supported in its plea for a guard of regular troops

by parliamentary intervention. The Army tended to sit in blockhouses and leave the country clear to banditry.

It is strange, looking back, to recall that the Mission was directed by the British Government to assume a position bordering upon neutrality. It had the duty of advising the Greek Army, but its members were not permitted to be present with Greek units actively engaged against the Communists. This displeasing and almost humiliating ban was lifted early in 1948. When Major-General E. E. Down succeeded Major-General S. B. Rawlins as Chief of the Mission in March, he was given an opportunity which his predecessor had not enjoyed. Fifty officers with battle experience were sent out. They and their American colleagues were attached to Greek commands. If they had any complaints, these were assuredly not henceforth on the score that they were not allowed to see the fighting. The Americans undertook the training of one battalion of each division at a time, while the British Mission returned to recruit

warfare for rebels or partisans. In January, 1949, General Papagos was brought out of retirement to become Commander-in-Chief, with extended power. His victories over the Italians had given him prestige, so that his appointment helped to raise declining spirits. I have already written about the brilliant campaign of 1949, and am not to-day concerned with it directly, or with the ejection of Marshal Tito from the Cominform, which proved such a heavy blow to the Communists in Greece. The British officers took part in the planning, but, as I pointed out at the time, it is incorrect and unfair to suggest that the operations were conducted by anyone except the Commander-in-Chief.

After the campaign had been victoriously concluded, the Mission still had work to do, though now it did not require to be done in a hurry. The Army, as a whole, including the great majority of its junior officers, had no experience other than that of the bandit war, though, of course, practically all officers and other ranks over the age of thirty had fought against the Germans or Italians, or against both. The bandit war was of a special nature. In particular, anti-aircraft defence and security precautions did not come into the picture, because the enemy possessed no aircraft. What was now needed was a return to the programme which had had to be postponed while still in its early stages in 1946, assisting the Greeks to create an Army capable of defeating a regular force, even if of superior strength. In numbers the Greek Army continued to diminish, and the process was not stopped until the outbreak of the Korean war, but in efficiency it continued to improve. As I have said, the Mission's services eventually became less vital, though they were always useful enough to have kept it alive had the state of the outside world not made such demands on men and money.

One criticism I would make is that there was not enough social contact. The British officer enjoys the company of most foreign officers when he can talk their language or they can talk his, but he does not struggle very hard, except in strictly business affairs, against the curse of Babel. A certain number of Greek officers talked French and some English, though fewer in the land forces than in those of the sea and air; but the Greek is not a much better linguist than the Briton, even if a few talk better English than anyone else in Europe. One officer confided to me that he thought it made him a laughing-stock to display his bad Greek, so he generally pretended he did not know any. In the office and in the field comradesly relations existed between Greeks and Britons, but they tended to take their leisure and seek their amusements, when any were available, apart. However, to judge by the number of Anglo-Greek marriages which took place during those years, there must have been more fraternisation than appeared on the surface. The prettiest girls our Army saw were at the opposite ends of Europe, in Greece and Norway.

From all I have heard, typically British qualities came out in the Mission. Eloquence and inspiration would not be set near the top of its list of virtues, but sincerity and sense of duty would. Perhaps the Greeks found their advisers' matter-of-fact attitude and habit of understatement chilling to begin with, but they discovered beneath them real sympathy as well as professional competence. The good type of British officer—and these were generally well picked—starts slowly in such circumstances, but he is observant and, given time, often ends up with a better understanding of the characteristics and problems of another nation than quicker starters ever attain. He is

commonly unassuming and tactful, again valuable qualifications for work of this type. The rôle of the Mission was always important, but most of all while Britain was supplying equipment and material, because then it had to assess Greek requirements and transmit them to the authorities at home at a time when economy was all the vogue.

Services rendered are not always rewarded and remembered in a man's own nation, as, to take an example on the highest scale, Mr. Churchill found in 1945, much less in a foreign country. Yet, volatile as the Greeks are, gratitude is probably a stronger characteristic among them than in most peoples. Witness the cult of the Philhellenes of the War of Independence, which has never flagged. The British Mission was composed of more humdrum persons, and its members will certainly not expect such an acknowledgement. Yet it is realised that they gave useful professional advice and assistance at a time of stress, and added friendship as a bonus. It is not too much to hope that this will sometimes be recalled.



A CEREMONY WHICH MARKED THE DEPARTURE FROM GREECE, AFTER SEVEN YEARS, OF THE BRITISH MILITARY MISSION: THE PRESENTATION BY KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES OF A BRONZE SHIELD COPIED FROM AN ANCIENT GREEK SHIELD. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE ROYAL PALACE IN ATHENS SHOWING KING PAUL AND QUEEN FREDERIKA (LEFT) AND PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS NICHOLAS OF GREECE (ON THE RIGHT OF THE SHIELD).

On April 24 King Paul of the Hellenes presented to the British Army a copy of an ancient Greek shield as a token of Anglo-Greek friendship. The presentation was made at the Royal Palace in Athens to mark the departure, a week later, of the British Military Mission and the R.A.F. delegation after seven years' service in Greece. The shield was handed to Major-General C. D. Packard, Chief of Staff, Middle East Land Forces, and Major-General L. E. C. M. Perowne, head of the Military Mission. The design on the shield, which is of bronze, shows a youth fighting two dragons. On the back, along the circular edge, are the insignia of British and Commonwealth units which fought in Greece during the war, and the names of their commanders. The shield will be used as a trophy in a British Army inter-unit modern pentathlon championship. At a farewell parade at Tatoi, near Athens, at which he took the salute, the King of the Hellenes, in speaking of Greece's post-war trials, said: "May it be to the eternal glory of our British friends that in our fight against Communism Greek freedom was unhesitatingly paid for with British lives."

training, which, against its advice, had been cut too sharply to meet the demands for reinforcements. The campaign of that year started pretty well, but when the full strength of the enemy was encountered in the Gramos, and later in the Vitsi, the results were very disappointing. Public confidence dropped and that of the Army was affected.

So, it may be added, was that of the outside world. I had throughout believed, and proclaimed so far as I could, that this was a job which could be accomplished. I well remember talking to pessimists, experts in the Balkans and often delightful people, but fellow-travellers by temperament, who assured me that it was impossible. Both sides made ready that winter for a decisive contest, and changes in command took place on both sides almost simultaneously. The Communists dismissed Markos and appointed Zachariades, who was ordered by his foreign masters to build up a semi-regular army and fight it out "toe to toe." This was an unwise decision. Pitched battles are not the most promising form of



## ROYAL GODSPEED TO THE BLACK WATCH: THE QUEEN MOTHER IN FIFE.



ARRIVING AT THE PARADE GROUND: THE QUEEN MOTHER, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE BLACK WATCH, WITH LORD ELGIN (LEFT), MAJOR-GENERAL N. M'MICKING, MAJOR-GENERAL ARBUTHNOTT AND (BEHIND) LORD AIRLIE.



ON HER WAY TO LONDON AIRPORT, WHENCE SHE FLEW TO FIFE TO FULFIL HER FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT SINCE THE KING'S DEATH: QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN MOTHER.



INSPECTING THE 1ST BN. THE BLACK WATCH (ROYAL HIGHLAND REGIMENT) BEFORE ITS DEPARTURE TO KOREA: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN MOTHER, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE REGIMENT, AT CRAIL CAMP, FIFE, ON MAY 13.



MARCHING ON TO THE SQUARE AT CRAIL CAMP, FIFE, FOR THE INSPECTION BY H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN MOTHER: THE COLOUR PARTY.



AT LONDON AIRPORT AFTER HER RETURN BY AIR FROM FIFE: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH SIR JOHN D'ALBIAC (SECOND FROM LEFT) AND R.A.F. OFFICERS.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, fulfilled her first public engagement since the death of his late Majesty, King George VI., when she flew to Fife on May 13, to inspect the 1st Bn. The Black Watch, due to sail for Korea this week. She was met at Crail Camp by Lord Elgin, Lord Lieutenant of Fife, who presented Major-General R. K. Arbuthnott, G.O.C.-in-C. Highland District, Major-General N. M'Micking and Lord Airlie. Her Majesty, who wore

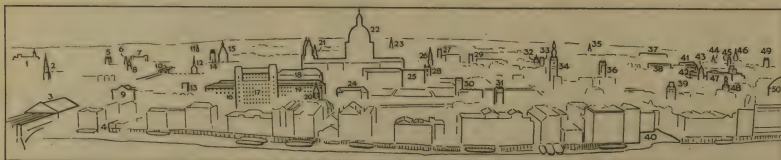
on the lapel of her coat the diamond brooch in the shape of The Black Watch badge presented to her when she became the Regiment's Colonel-in-Chief in 1947, addressed the parade after the inspection. "In a beautifully-phrased speech she referred to the great traditions of The Black Watch 'so dear to my heart and to many of my family who have served with the regiment,' and said 'I wish you all good fortune. . . . Godspeed and God bless you all.'"





AFTER 110 YEARS: A RECENT PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY OF LONDON—THE SCENE ACROSS

THE RIVER WHICH HAS BEEN THE HALLMARK OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS SINCE 1842.



KEY TO THE PANORAMA OF LONDON.

- |  |  |                                       |                                      |
|--|--|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. St. Pancras Railway Station.          | 13. St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe.        | 26. St. Vedast, Foster Lane.          | 39. St. James Garlickhythe.          |
| 2. St. Bride, Fleet Street.              | 14. St. Sepulchre, Holborn Viaduct.    | 27. St. Giles, Cripplegate.           | 40. Queenhythe Dock.                 |
| 3. Blackfriars Railway Station.          | 15. The Old Bailey.                    | 28. St. Augustine, Watling Street.    | 41. The Bank of England.             |
| 4. Puddingdock.                          | 16. British and Foreign Bible Society. | 29. St. Alban, Wood Street.           | 42. The Mansion House.               |
| 5. St. Andrew, Holborn.                  | 17. Faraday Building.                  | 30. St. Nicholas Cole Abbey.          | 43. St. Stephen, Walbrook.           |
| 6. The City Temple.                      | 18. G.P.O. Telephone Exchange.         | 31. St. Mary Somerset.                | 44. St. Botolph, Bishopsgate.        |
| 7. Atlantic House.                       | 19. Civil Service Supply Association.  | 32. The Guildhall.                    | 45. The Tower of The Royal Exchange. |
| 8. The Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. | 20. St. Beane, Paul's Wharf.           | 33. St. Lawrence Jewry.               | 46. Christ Church, Spitalfields.     |
| 9. "The Times" Building.                 | 21. Christ Church, Newgate Street.     | 34. St. Mary-le-Bow.                  | 47. St. Swiche's House.              |
| 10. Holborn Viaduct Railway Station.     | 22. St. Paul's Cathedral.              | 35. St. Leonard, Shoreditch.          | 48. St. Michael Paternoster Royal.   |
| 11. St. James, Clerkenwell.              | 23. St. Luke, Old Street.              | 36. St. Mary Aldermary.               | 49. St. Michael, Cornhill.           |
| 12. St. Martin, Ludgate.                 | 24. Royal College of Arms.             | 37. Liverpool Street Railway Station. | 50. Cannon Street Railway Station.   |
|  | 25. Wren House.                        | 38. Midland Bank, Poultry.            |                                      |

THIS month marks our 110th birthday, and during this period of time the vista of the City of London which has appeared on our cover and frontpiece since 1842 has become well known as the hallmark of *The Illustrated London News*. Here we reproduce (right) the heading from our first issue for comparison with the present-day photograph (above). This fine panorama shows the greater part of the City and was taken from the chimney, now in course of erection, of the new Bankside Power Station. The City churches that escaped the bombing of World War II. can

be linked with their outlines in the old engraving. A building which does not appear in our engraving, but which has been a prominent landmark in the City since early in this century, is the Central Criminal Court, or "Old Bailey" (No. 15 on our key). It stands on the site of Newgate Prison and was opened by King Edward VII. in 1907. The tall Faraday Building (No. 17), which is the headquarters of the long-distance telephone services, was built in 1933. Wren House (No. 25) now houses the administrative offices of the telephone manager of the long-distance area.



A VISTA OF THE CITY OF LONDON DRAWN IN 1842: THE WELL-KNOWN HALLMARK OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" REPRODUCED FROM THE COVER OF OUR FIRST NUMBER FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PANORAMIC VIEW OF 1952.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



WHY go to the trouble and expense of making a rock-garden when you can grow Alpine plants perfectly well on level ground—in the borders and the flower beds? That

is a question which I have often been asked. It's a fair question—from folk who have not stopped to think—and the claim that Alpines may be grown in flower-beds and borders is true—up to a point. Quite a number of sub-Alpine plants and Alpine meadow plants have found their way into our borders, and

### CLIFF-DWELLING ALPINES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

In the garden *Erinus* likes nothing so much as an old, mellow wall or a great chunk of tufa rock on which to seed about, and re-seed and re-generate generation after generation for ever. But plant *Erinus* in full loam on level ground and it is unlikely to remain there for long. It is significant, too, that one seldom finds self-grown seedlings of *Erinus* prospering in the loam of a bed at the foot of a wall on which the plant has been naturalised for years.

In the same way, the Silver Saxifrages are true saxatile plants. They will live for generations and

to an immense age on the cliffs of their choice and old walls, and their seedling offspring will come up and prosper in every crack and crevice that is capable of supporting life, yet the seed which must fall on the soil below the cliff or wall never comes to anything. There are certain advantages which cliff-dwelling plants enjoy over other species. Once established in their rock fissures and crannies they are safe for life without fear of competition and crowding-out by other species. They

seedling appeared in the soil at the foot of that cliff.

There are many saxatile plants in the British flora, and the Cheddar Pink, *Dianthus caesus*, is a typical and most charming example. The limestone cliffs in the Cheddar Gorge are its only natural habitat in Britain, and there it is quite abundant and perfectly safe from extermination, even by the most determined and ruthless collectors. It clings to the sheer faces of the limestone cliffs and precipices. Blue-grey curtains of foliage, studded in due season with deliciously fragrant, rose-pink blossoms. In the garden, although it may be grown on level ground, it is happiest and looks its best when given some colourable imitation of its home cliffs, either in the wall- or the rock-garden.

Quite the most passionately saxatile Alpine plant that I have met is *Saxifraga diapensioides*. It is rare and local in occurrence, but often grows gregariously in colonies. The last time I met it in the wild was at Mont Cenis in the late 'thirties, and it was thanks to the Italian army that my companion and I came upon a fine colony of the plant. We were going up a valley on the far side of the lake to visit some rocks on which, in former years, I had found *Primula pedemontana*. Half a mile short of our objective we were intercepted by a brace of Italian soldiers. They popped out from behind a rock and forbade our going a yard farther. Not even English cigarettes would move them. They were scruffy little newts, officious, hostile, undersized, obviously of low mentality—if that—but armed—a bad combination. There was nothing for it but to turn back, and to our annoyance they followed us. Eventually we gave them the slip. We dallied with plants so that the enemy got ahead, and then, when they had turned a corner, we dropped into a little rocky gorge. That was the last we saw of the army, and the first we saw of *diapensioides*. A magnificent colony of it was growing on a bluff of curious soft limestone rock. There were tight, hard lumps of the plant, congested masses of small, silver-grey leaf-rosettes, some of them 6 and 8 ins. across. So dense and so hard were these lumps of Saxifrage and so firmly welded to the cliff, that they looked almost as though faults and holes in the rock had been patched with pats of grey cement.



"QUITE THE MOST PASSIONATELY SAXATILE ALPINE PLANT THAT I HAVE MET IS *Saxifraga diapensioides*": ONE OF THE PLANTS MR. ELLIOTT COLLECTED NEAR MT. CENIS GROWING IN HIS GARDEN IN A HOLE PUNCHED DEEP IN A TUFFA ROCK.

look perfectly right and appropriate there. *Gentiana acaulis* is such a plant, and others that come at once to mind are the taller *Thalictrums*, the Globe Flower, *Trollius*, and one or two of the *Campanulas*. But when it comes to the very small Alpines, and the species which in nature are found only on the upper stone slides and screes, and those which grow exclusively in rock crevices and on cliffs, then it will be found that, even if they will consent to live and exist in ordinary garden soil in the flower borders—which many of them won't—they will look completely out of place and inappropriate in such surroundings and in such company.

A clear instance of what I mean is *Saxifraga lingulata*, with its gracefully arched plume of small white blossoms. In nature it is a cliff-dweller, and its inflorescence is quite clearly constructed for arching out from a perpendicular rock-face. Plant it on level ground in the flower-garden, and though it will grow there quite happily and flower freely, its flower-plumes, arching awkwardly sideways, will look as distressingly misplaced as a swan stranded in a meadow, instead of floating proudly on a lake.

That, therefore, is—or should be—the real, the basic reason for building rock-gardens. We admire Alpine and rock plants, and want to grow them, and we find that arrangements of cliff and scree give them the most congenial growing conditions, and at the same time the most pleasing and natural setting.

It would be interesting to know by what special process of evolution certain plants have become cliff-dwellers. But, however it was that they drifted, or were driven into this purely saxatile way of life, it must have been a long, slow, evolutionary process, for it has become such an ingrained habit with many of them that they never naturally stray from it in the wild, whilst in the garden they stoutly refuse to be coerced into what would seem to be easier living conditions.

*Erinus alpinus* is a common and easily-grown little Alpine. I have frequently met it growing wild in the Pyrenees, and with one exception it was always growing on cliffs or the sides of big rocks and boulders. The one exception was below the Cirque de Gavarnie, where *Erinus* grew in great quantity in the wide, shingly, ever-shifting river-bed in the floor of the valley. I suspect that those plants are short-lived and that fresh generations are washed down year after year from the cliffs above.

are safe, too, from browsing sheep, cows and goats, from gnawing hares and rabbits, and—except in a few cases—from the pokings and prisings and scrabbings of humans with their collector's trowels.

As a class these saxatile Alpines are nearly all long-lived species. Some of them live to immense ages. Perhaps their slow growth and development, and the austerity of their meagre diet, in fact, "leading a careful life," are conducive to a tough old age. There is something very impressive about a veteran plant of this type, looking down from its impregnable cliff crevice, in full view of every passer-by yet completely unapproachable. I remember a gigantic boss of *Phyteuma comosum* high up on a cliff above the road between Riva and Storo. It was as big as the biggest bath-sponge that ever was, and was probably there on its cliff before the road below was converted from a muletrack to road status. In the same way, in the Maritime Alps, I have seen a cliff studded with specimens of *Saxifraga cochlearis*, many of which were in the super-bath-sponge class, and must have been immensely old.

Another strictly saxatile species of the Maritime Alps is the rare *Primula allionii*, which is found on a few, a very few, limestone cliffs, and always on a northern exposure. High up on one such cliff I have seen rounded cushions of *allionii* nearly 2 ft. across. Every smallest crack and crevice on that cliff seemed to have its specimens of *allionii* though some were in such minute crevices that they had long remained minute, starved veterans, with barely enough soil to keep root and leaf together. Yet not a single



"BY GREAT GOOD FORTUNE—THANKS TO THE ITALIAN ARMY—I WAS LED, OR DRIVEN, TO A PARTICULARLY GOOD FORM OF THIS LOVELY SAXIFRAGE (*S. diapensioides*). ITS SNOW-WHITE FLOWERS ARE OF GOOD SIZE AND GOOD, FULL-PETALLED QUALITY." (Photographs by Peter Pritchard.)

I prised out a few of the smaller specimens, which at home were broken up and struck as cuttings, and I still grow some of their descendants. Two in particular are extremely happy, planted in holes punched deep in tufa rocks—holes very like their ancestral rocks at Mont Cenis. Each spring, in April, these two flower profusely, and by great good fortune—thanks to the Italian army—I was led, or driven, to a particularly good form of this lovely Saxifrage. Its snow-white flowers are of good size and good, full-petalled quality.

If any excuse were needed for rocks in the garden, *Saxifraga diapensioides* would supply it. Without rock the plant would be ineffective and probably most difficult to cultivate, and without *diapensioides* my garden would be deprived of a small but very choice jewel.

N.B.—Colour Supplement included here.





### FROM NORMAL GREEN TO UNEARTHLY BLUE—AS THE RESULT OF AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION.

During recent years experiments have been conducted at the California Institute of Technology under Dr. Ernest G. Anderson, Professor of Genetics, on the effects of radiation on maize. Among the maize tested are many strains which were exposed to the effects of atomic-bomb explosions at Bikini and Eniwetok. The principal effect of such irradiation is in the alteration of the chromosome structure of the seeds and the consequent "irrational" alteration of the plant's heredity. Freaks, "sports" or mutations occur in nature, but atomic radiation greatly increases the liability to mutation; and, indeed, more than a thousand such mutations have been discovered in the maize under observation in the experiment. Although mutations can be a form of evolutionary advance, most mutations are towards inferior or "freak" forms; and the list of freaks

produced in this experiment is formidable, covering not only all the already known freak forms, but adding others. Changes in the chlorophyll-structure are most frequent and plants have appeared with a mosaic or mottling of normal green with abnormally pale green, yellow, or colourless areas. Some were albinos. Other variants included dwarfed or grasslike maize, plants with elongated stems, plants without silks or kernels, others with twisted and contorted leaves and no ears, delicate plants that wither in the sun, plants whose seeds germinate in the ear—and, strangest of all, those we illustrate: plants which differ from the normal only in that they glow a ghostly blue under ultra-violet light. The source of the fluorescence in this particular strain has been discovered to be athranilic acid; but there are several other blue-fluorescent strains still resisting analysis.

THE MAIZE SEEDLINGS (LEFT TO RIGHT, NUMBERS 1, 3, 5 AND 7) ARE ATOMIC MUTATIONS AND UNDER ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS FLUORESCCE PALE-BLUE. UNDER NORMAL LIGHT THEY ARE INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE NORMAL CONTROLS (NUMBERS 2, 4, 6, 8 AND 9).

*Colour photograph reproduced by courtesy of J. R. Eyerman and Life International. Copyright Time, Inc., 1951.*





THE BULLS'-HEAD CUP OF ENKOMI: A MASTERPIECE OF CYPRIOTE SILVERSMITH'S WORK OF 3300 YEARS AGO, MIRACULOUSLY PRESERVED, AND BRILLIANTLY CLEANED AND RESTORED TO ITS PRISTINE BEAUTY. MADE OF SILVER AND INLAID WITH GOLD AND NIELLO. REPRODUCED NATURAL SIZE.

Elsewhere in this issue Professor Schaeffer tells the story of his excavations at Enkomi, in Cyprus, during 1949 and 1950, and mentions in particular a number of intact burials of the early fourteenth century B.C.—i.e., the late Bronze Age, before the coming of the Sea People to Cyprus. One of these graves appears to have belonged to a family of priests, and has yielded a number of exceptionally fine treasures, chief of which is the cup illustrated on this page. Beside the elbow of

one of the male skeletons in the grave were a couple of bowls, one within the other, and both covered with a heavy, lumpy, green corrosion. They were both assumed to be bronze, but they were despatched for cleaning and restoration to the British Museum laboratory, which is directed by Dr. Plenderleith. Under X-rays, the larger of the bowls appeared as a plain metal vessel, but in the smaller, the pattern of a bull's head and floral motifs appeared with startling

[Continued below.]



THE UNDERSIDE OF THE ENKOMI CUP, ALSO REPRODUCED NATURAL SIZE, SHOWING THE SIX BULLS' HEADS, EACH OF SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT DESIGN, AND THE FLORAL ORNAMENTS WHICH SUPPORT THE MAIN MOTIFS. THE TOP END OF THE HANDLE BEARS A REDUCED VERSION OF THE ROSETTE MOTIF. (*Enkomi-Alasia*, Vol. I., Plate CXVI.)

THE SUPERB ENKOMI CUP: A 3300-YEAR-OLD MASTERPIECE OF SILVER INLAID WITH GOLD AND NIELLO, WONDERFULLY PRESERVED AND RECENTLY FOUND IN CYPRUS.

[Continued.]

By means of a complicated treatment the bowl or cup was cleaned and the whole brilliant design emerged in almost pristine beauty—six bulls' heads round the rim, a series of linked rosettes round the base, a number of flower-head designs interspersed, and a pattern of dots round the upper rim—the whole carried out in gold (of slightly varying tone) and niello (a black metallic compound) inlaid in silver. This cup is now on exhibition at the British Museum, and will remain there on loan until August, when it will be returned to the Cyprus Antiquities Department. Both in shape and design it is remarkably like the

Dendra Cup of the same period, discovered between the wars in the Peloponnese by the Swedish archaeologist, Professor Persson, although the Dendra Cup has a lining of gold; and both are remarkable also, not only for their beauty, but for their use of niello, which is generally assumed to have been used for the first time in the Roman period, some 1300 or 1400 years later than these two cups. The larger bowl in which the Enkomi cup lay was also discovered to be of silver, but very thin, and covered and eroded so heavily with corrosion leached out from the copper alloyed in the silver as to be impossible to clean.





TREASURES FROM THE PRIESTLY TOMBS OF ALASIA, CYPRUS, ALL OVER 3000 YEARS OLD. (TOP LEFT) A WATER-BIRD CUP OF TRANSLUCENT ALABASTER; (TOP RIGHT) A PECTORAL OF GOLD SHEET, SHOWING WINGED SPHINXES FLANKING A TREE OF LIFE; (LEFT CENTRE) TWO COSMETIC VASES LIKE POMEGRANATES, IN MULTI-COLOURED GLASS, WITH (BELOW) A SILVER STATUETTE OF A CHILD; (LOWER RIGHT) STAMP-SEALS, STONE WEIGHTS, AND GOLD EAR- AND FINGER-RINGS. (*Enkomi-Alasia*, Vol. I., Plates XIX-XXV., XL.)



FROM AN UNTOUCHED TOMB AT ENKOMI OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.: (TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT) A MYCENÆAN STIRRUP VASE IN MULTI-COLOURED FAIENCE WITH A BOWL AND A VASE OF THE SAME MATERIAL; (BELOW, LEFT TO RIGHT) A MINIATURE STIRRUP VASE IN MULTI-COLOURED GLASS AND TWO ENGRAVED IVORY DISCS, ONE STILL BEARING ITS ORIGINAL GOLD RIVET. (*Enkomi-Alasia*, Vol. I., Plates XXXIX., XLI., XLIII.)

### OVER 3000 YEARS OLD: BEAUTIFUL AND SOPHISTICATED TREASURES, RELICS OF A PRIESTLY LINE, FROM UNTOUCHED TOMBS FOUND AT ENKOMI IN CYPRUS.

The various objects shown on this page are among those found by Professor Schaeffer in the priestly tombs excavated at Enkomi (ancient Alasia) in Cyprus during 1949 and 1950, and described by Professor Schaeffer elsewhere in this issue. Some of them come from the actual tomb in which the wonderful silver cup shown on the facing page was found, and so date from the early part of the fourteenth century B.C., others from a near-by tomb of a slightly later date. Although they are not of such surpassing beauty as the silver cup, nevertheless, in their sympathetic and even sophisticated use of such materials as gold, silver, ivory, faience and multi-coloured glass, they reflect

the brilliant late Bronze Age culture of the Mediterranean, which the coming of the Sea People was to end. Noteworthy among the objects is the gold pectoral, one of a pair, which came from the same burial as the silver cup, as did the gold signet ring (in the lower centre of the upper picture) which, like the pectoral, bears the image of a winged sphinx. There were some female skeletons in the priestly grave, and it was beside these that the cosmetic jars, the ear-rings, the filigree ring and the ring beside it, showing two dogs guarding a tree of life, and the tiny child-statuettes in silver were found—evocations of a fashionable mother of 3000 years ago.





A CHELSEA "PICTURE OF THE YEAR": SUPERB CACTI, AND SOME SUCCULENTS, IN ALL THEIR FANTASTIC FUNCTIONAL BEAUTY.

This group of cacti, some of them 8 ft. or more tall, was photographed at the 1951 Chelsea Flower Show, where (as Mr. Clarence Elliott said at the time) they formed the "picture of the year"; and concerning this group, Mrs. Vera Higgins, one of England's leading authorities on cacti and succulents, writes: "Cacti are not freaks of nature, but a wonderful adaptation to adverse conditions in which normal plants could not live. . . . It is not often that mature examples of the larger kinds of cacti are seen in England, but some magnificent plants, which attracted much attention, were shown at the 1951 Chelsea Flower Show; they had been brought

by Italian nurserymen from the Riviera, where they are grown out of doors and produce flowers freely. The tall, hairy plants in the foreground are the well-known 'Old Man' cactus, and other types of columnar *Cerei* form the background; whilst towards the front are the rounder types, clumps of *Mammillaria* and remarkably fine specimens of the golden-spined 'Barrel' cactus. The green rosettes of spine-tipped leaves are small *Agaves*, and these, like all the true Cacti, are natives of America, but there are many other succulent plants found elsewhere, particularly in South Africa." [From a colour photograph by Geoffrey Cory-Wright.]



# WHERE A SILVER-AND-GOLD MASTERPIECE OF 3000 YEARS AGO WAS FOUND:

## EXCAVATIONS IN ENKOMI-ALASIA, THE 14TH-CENTURY B.C. CAPITAL OF CYPRUS.

By PROFESSOR DR. CLAUDE F. A. SCHAEFFER, CORR. F.B.A., F.S.A.  
(Director, French Centre of Scientific Research, Paris; Director of the French Archaeological Expeditions to Ras Shamra and Cyprus; Formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.)

Photographs, unless otherwise stated, Copyright by Professor Dr. Claude F. A. Schaeffer, Corr. F.B.A., F.S.A.

IN a previous article (see *The Illustrated London News*, August 20, 1949), I have described some of the archaeological finds made at Enkomi, north of Famagusta, during my 1946 and 1947 excavations, which led to the discovery of the town site of Alasia, now considered to be the island's second millennium capital. It was known until now only through references

and floors of beaten earth we discovered a great number of burial caves hollowed in the chalk of the subsoil, most of which had been opened by ancient or modern treasure-hunters. They operated with iron rods which they drove through the surface stratum until the soft rock beneath was reached. When the bore sounded like striking a hollow, they knew there was a burial cave beneath and the hasty and destructive diggings began. A great number of these tombs were also opened and emptied by the archaeological expeditions which had operated several times in the ancient grounds of Enkomi, before our discovery of the town site. Thus only a few

burial caves have escaped intact. Among those discovered during our recent research, which yielded rich rewards, one seems to have belonged to a family of priests. (Figs. 6 and 10.) On benches cut into the chalk of the spacious burial chambers were lying the remains of two male skeletons and, separated from them, the skeleton of a woman, all three surrounded by exceptionally rich tomb gifts.

One of the male skeletons had on the sternum a pectoral shaped like a primitive cross, made of two large gold plates embossed with the picture of a pair of winged sphinxes guarding the holy tree symbol. On his right hand he wore a gold ring engraved with the same symbol and near his elbow had been placed two large silver cups, one of them of exquisite workmanship. The very difficult task of cleaning and restoring was entrusted, with Sir Thomas Kendrick's permission, to the research laboratory of the British Museum, directed by Dr. Plenderleith, who possesses unique experience and a most successful technique for the treatment of such precious and delicate antiquities.

X-ray examination revealed the cup's original decoration in gold and niello, which was completely concealed under a green corrosion leached out from a slight percentage of copper alloyed to the silver. After a complicated treatment, the ornament around the cup, consisting of six bulls' heads and flower patterns, was revealed in surprising freshness. (Fig. 3 and Coloured Supplement.)

On the opposite bench, the female skeleton was surrounded by a great number of painted Mycenaean vases and accompanied by golden ear-rings and finger-rings of delicate workmanship in filigree or engraved with a pair of hunting dogs guarding the tree symbol. In a little bag which must have been attached to the waist we found two more finger-rings with heavy bezels engraved with a formula of good luck in Egyptian hieroglyphs, and the miniature statue of a young child, also in silver, used as a pendant. A great many more painted Mycenaean vessels, as well as cups of alabaster and vases of particular Cypriot form, were found in the central part of the burial chamber, either hidden in small pits or heaped together in the corners. (Fig. 10.)

Only a few feet from this tomb, another burial cave of remarkable size was found (Tomb 5). It contained several stratified layers of funeral deposits of

with the Bronze Age levels beneath. It is thus certain that the people who reopened and re-used the tomb at the beginning of the Iron Age had knowledge of the presence of the valuable funeral gifts accumulated there during the Late Bronze Age, among them several diadems in gold. They nevertheless refrained from violating these burials. Moreover, though they repeatedly entered the tomb to deposit their own interments, they took precautions not to damage the fragile glass, faience and terra-cotta vases and the other tomb gifts of the preceding period. This conduct is all the more remarkable as the material civilisation of the people of the Early Iron Age, as reflected by their tomb offerings, is so entirely different from that of the Late Bronze Age that we must assume that from the racial point of view as well they must have been distinct from their predecessors. It seems thus likely that the Early Iron Age invaders, who took over Enkomi by force at the beginning of the twelfth century B.C., after having abolished the régime of the Mycenaean chieftains who had ruled the country during the preceding period, as our 1950 discoveries disclosed (see the next article), went to settle among the native Cypriot population. After having imposed upon them their own way of life and taken over their dwellings and even their tombs, they seem to have retained no hostility towards the local inhabitants through inter-marriage and daily contact. Thus the substitution of the Late Bronze Age population by the Iron Age people, who were notably inferior in culture, was accomplished without undue friction.

Our stratigraphical research at Enkomi was rewarded with the discovery of an extensive town-level of the Early Iron Age period, of which elsewhere in Cyprus, as well as in the surrounding countries, Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, only scant and mostly undatable remains are known. Indeed, it is the period of the Sea People invasion of the twelfth and eleventh centuries B.C. that brought about the sudden and disastrous end of the brilliant Late Bronze Age cultures all over the ancient world.

For several centuries, complete darkness descended upon the countries bordering the eastern Mediterranean as the result of a complete drying-up of all ancient literary sources. Before the light went out, some rare Egyptian historical inscriptions of the time of Merenptah (c. 1224-04) and Rameses III. (c. 1198-66) had recorded the approach of the Sea People invasion and its final arrival at the Egyptian frontier, where they were brought to a halt. But these accounts, of course, cannot be taken as impartial. Indeed, the examination of the Sea People remains in Cyprus calls for a new appraisal of their culture—which has been so utterly depreciated by the Egyptian historians.

It is true that with the conquest of the island by the naval branch of the Sea People, among whom the presence of Philistines is disclosed by our finds, Enkomi-Alasia, the capital, at first suffered a cultural setback. This is particularly evident in the architecture of their smallish dwellings, with rubble walls and superstructures of sun-dried bricks, which have been arranged among the ruins of the spacious Bronze Age buildings with their impressive walls of dressed stone. On the other hand, the industrial activity of the town, especially its metal industry nourished by the island's copper mines, does not seem to have been interrupted. On the contrary, our finds

[Continued overleaf]



FIG. 1 THE ENKOMI EXCAVATIONS (1940-50) FROM THE AIR. THE EXPEDITION'S HOUSE CAN BE SEEN ON THE ESCARPMENT, AT THE BEND OF THE ROAD.

Below the expedition's house is the long research trench leading from an ancient entrance of Alasia to one of the main streets of the town, which can be seen running across the excavation to the left and continuing in the next excavation to the right. An examination of the areas between these excavations is planned.

R.A.F. Copyright. Enkomi-Alasia, Vol. I., Plate LVIII.

in the Tell Amarna letters and other cuneiform records found in Syria (Ras Shamra and Mari) and Anatolia (Boghazkoy). All previous attempts to locate its position in the island had failed.

I also reported the arrangement with Mr. A. H. S. Megaw, Director of Antiquities, of a combined Franco-British expedition on my initiative, in order to accelerate the excavation of the new archaeological site, the extent of which became obvious after my discovery of the city walls.

The finds made during the excavations in the spring of 1949, undertaken by the British branch of the combined expedition, have been described by M. P. Dikaios in a subsequent issue of *The Illustrated London News* (August 27, 1949). Since then, I have resumed my research at Enkomi in the autumns of 1949 and 1950 with my assistants MM. P. Pironin, W. Forrer and M. Suffert, the main results of which I shall describe here. This article is a digest of chapters I. to III. of my final publication, "Enkomi-Alasia I." (460 pp., 140 text figures, 116 Plates: C. Klincksieck, Paris, 11, Rue de Lille, 1952), and the references appended to the photographs are to this forthcoming publication.

In order to obtain some information concerning the general layout of the city and guidance for further excavations, I examined the neighbourhood of the main entrance directed towards the coast and the former harbour of Alasia. (Fig. 1.)

Along an east-west street running right through the ancient city, a row of houses was thus detected. The uppermost level near the present surface contained remains of early Iron Age dwellings (twelfth to eleventh century B.C.), often cut into the walls of buildings dating back to the Late Bronze Age (fifteenth to thirteenth century B.C.). Below the foundation walls



FIG. 3. THE BULL-HEAD CUP OF ENKOMI, AS IT WAS WHEN DISCOVERED, COVERED WITH A GREEN CORROSION, WHICH COMPLETELY CONCEALED ITS INTRICATE PATTERN AND EVEN THE MATERIALS FROM WHICH IT WAS MADE. ITS PRESENT CONDITION AFTER CLEANING AND RESTORATION IS BRILLIANTLY SHOWN IN THE COLOUR SUPPLEMENT IN THIS ISSUE.

Enkomi-Alasia, Vol. I., Plate CXVI.

the Late Bronze Age followed by layers of the Early Iron Age. In all there were some 55 burials, accompanied by more than 370 complete vases, some multi-coloured glass or faience, and numerous other tomb gifts.

An intermediate layer of sterile earth separated the two periods corresponding to an interval during which the tomb was not in use. At the foot of the walls, where this layer was very thin, the deposits of the Early Iron Age were found in stratigraphical contact





FIG. 4. PATHETIC RELICS OF 3000 YEARS AGO: MINIATURE VASES AND BEADS FROM A CHILD'S BURIAL. FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C. ("Enkomi-Asia," Vol. I, Pl. XXX.)



FIG. 8. PROBABLY USED IN SOME GAME: CLAY BALLS ENGRAVED IN CYPRIOTE SCRIPT, WITH STYLES LIKE FIG. 13, FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C. ("Enkomi-Asia," Vol. I, Pl. CXV.)



FIG. 13. STYLUS OF BONE, POINTED LIKE A PEN AND STUDDED WITH WEDGE WRITING IN CLAY (AS IN FIG. 8). FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C. ("Enkomi-Asia," Vol. I, Pl. CXV.)

(Continued.) indicate the main-tenance or even an increase of activity in its bronze foundries during the twelfth and eleventh centuries B.C., where the new metal, iron, was still sparingly used. It now becomes evident that the well-known copper ingots formerly found at Enkomi also belong to the Early Iron Age and not to the Late Bronze Age, as assumed hitherto. In the dwellings and tombs of the Sea People levels of Enkomi, a special kind of dome-shaped engraved stone seal has been identified, some of which are of real artistic merit. A Near-Eastern origin for this peculiar type of seal is probable, but it cannot

(Continued opposite.)

## BEFORE THE DARKNESS OF THE IRON AGE HUMAN LIFE AND BRILLIANT ART OF THE



FIG. 5. A RECESS IN THE WALL OF A GRAVE (FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C.) IN WHICH A NEWLY-BORN CHILD WAS BURIED. (SEE FIG. 4). ("Enkomi-Asia," Vol. I, Pl. XXXI.)



FIG. 9. PROBABLY IMPORTED INTO CYPRUS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C.: A MYCENAean Hydria, SHOWING PAINTED BULLS AND FLOWERS AMONG FLOWERS. ("Enkomi-Asia," Vol. I, Pl. XVII.)



FIG. 10. CYPRIOTE AND MYCENAean POTTERY IN THE CENTRE, A WISHBONE-HANDLED CUP LIKE THE METAL



FIG. 14. ONE OF THE TWO MAGNIFICENT EMBOSSED GOLD PECTORALS FOUND LAID IN THE FORM OF A CROSS IN THE PRIESTLY BURIAL OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. (SEE THE COLOURED SUPPLEMENT. ("Enkomi-Asia," Vol. I, Pl. XXIV.)

Its technique, and especially its damascene inlaying, point to Syrian manufacture. Not far from the statuette was found in the same level a block of dressed limestone, the smooth surfaces of which have tempted a twelfth-century draughtsman of Enkomi to engrave a series of graffiti illustrative of his main interests—cattle-raising, hunting,

## SETTLED ON THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN: CAPITAL OF CYPRUS 3000 YEARS AGO



FIG. 6. THE CHIEF PRIESTLY GRAVE SHOWING IN SITU THE TWO GOLD PECTORALS, THE TWO SILVER CUFFS AND SUNDRY VESSELS. ("Enkomi-Asia," Vol. I, Pl. XXII.)



FIG. 11. A FINE CRATER OF MYCENAean MANUFACTURE, FOUND, LIKE FIG. 9 AND 10, IN THE PRIESTLY TOMB OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C. ("Enkomi-Asia," Vol. I, Pl. XVI.)



FIG. 12. FROM THE FEMALE BURIAL IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C. TOMB: HEADS OF GOLD AND PENDENTS, SILVER RINGS AND A SILVER CHILD STATUETTE. ("Enkomi-Asia," Vol. I, Pl. XXV.)



FIG. 15. A FINE INCISED SHALLOW BOWL OF MULTI-COLOURED FAIENCE (OF THE FOURTEENTH TO THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.) FOUND IN TOMB 5. OTHER EXAMPLERS ARE SHOWN IN THE COLOURED SUPPLEMENT. ("Enkomi-Asia," Vol. I, Pl. XXIX.)

warfare in chariots and seafaring. The chariot scene represents a man driving his two-wheel vehicle in the direction of a tall tower which may have stood near the gateway of his home town or of some fortress he is about to attack. On the opposite face is engraved a bull and a sailing-boat of the type peculiar to the



FIG. 7. AN IMPRESSION OF A STONE SEAL OF THE SEA PEOPLE LEVEL (12TH TO 11TH CENTURY B.C.), SHOWING A LION. ENLARGED. ("Enkomi-Asia," Vol. I, Pl. V.)

(Continued.) yet be definitely established. Egyptian, Cretan and Greek are certainly excluded. In some cases, there are associated with these seals engraved cylinders, also of steatite. They depict invariably two scenes: a procession or ritual dance of bearded men wearing a tall, egg-shaped head-dress, or a hunter dressed like a Pharaoh of the Late Kingdom shooting an arrow towards a wild bull. This remarkably homogeneous group of Early Iron Age cylinders has been made by seal-cutters in Cyprus itself, who depended for their repertory on Syro-Palestinian, Mitanian and Egyptian Egyptian art. How strongly

(Continued below, left.)



FIG. 16. A JAR HANDLE WITH INCISED CYPRIOTE EGGS. SIMILAR HANDLES HAVE BEEN FOUND AT AKROTIRI (SEE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," MAY 10). ("Enkomi-Asia," Vol. I, Pl. CXIV.)

navy of the invading Sea People, as shown on the Medinet Habou reliefs. It confirms the accuracy of the Egyptian twelfth-century representations, which has sometimes been questioned. Further finds made in the Sea People levels of Enkomi-Asia will be described in a following article.

(Continued.) the influence of Egyptian art exerted itself, probably through the intermediary of Syria, upon the Sea People culture in Cyprus, is demonstrated by the discovery in one of the twelfth-century houses at Enkomi of a remarkable gold-incrusted bronze statuette of the Egyptian god, Atoum of Heliopolis, as a Pharaoh (Fig. 2).



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## RATTLING THE SKELETONS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE last fortnight has been a skeleton-in-the-cupboard season in the theatre. We have seen family secrets exposed; reputations have tottered. And if skeletons have been lacking, dramatists have turned to disguise: someone has whipped on a pair of spectacles, or cap-and-apron, or a new doublet, and promptly become somebody else. Altogether, it will be strange to get back to milder, less complex pieces, to families whose cupboards (in the best sense) are bare, and to people who, surprisingly, are what they seem.

The Edwardian stage enjoyed a rattle of skeletons. Pinero was a great hand at this: in "His House in Order," for example, and "The Thunderbolt." During four-fifths of the evening, Harley Granville-Barker's "The Voyage Inheritance," which we have just found at the Arts, is a play of which Pinero could have approved. Its construction, complete with cupboard and skeletons, is excellently managed. Then suddenly, in a fifth act, Granville-Barker seems to drop everything and to run off for a friendly chat with Shaw. It is sad for those who like to have everything in place, the work neatly fitted and varnished. But, though the end of the plot is scamped, "The Voyage Inheritance" remains an amply impressive exhibit of its day (1905).

The skeleton tumbles from the cupboard a few minutes after curtain-rise. Edward Voysey, junior partner in an apparently prosperous firm of solicitors, realises that his father is a gambler, an artist in embezzlement who has speculated through life with his clients' money just as his own father did before him. What will Edward do when he inherits in turn? It is a stiff theatrical problem, a subject for debate that the dramatist argues with relish for more than two hours, walking round the skeleton and playing a tattoo on its bones. Shaw in those days was the lord of the Court Theatre: Granville-Barker disappoints us by blurring the purely theatrical quality of his drama and turning to a Shavian conversation-piece. In spite of this, when he has finished with the Voyseys, we do know them backwards: few stage families are so fully drawn or become so familiar to us in the passage of an evening. Familiarity is not superficial: we have not forgotten the Voyseys by the time we are on the Underground platform: they follow us home and they are about the house next day. It is gallant of the Arts to revive the piece, even if the general run of the acting is for once no more than serviceable. Rachel

at any rate, good enough to keep speculation humming through the intervals. This is because Diana Morgan can tell a story; she has two or three skeletons ready to crash from their cupboards. The



A PLAY WHICH CONTAINS "SO MANY CUPBOARDS, AND SKELETONS TO MATCH, THAT ONE GIVES UP COUNTING THEM": "THE MORTIMER TOUCH" (DUKE OF YORK'S)—A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING (L. TO R.) CONNIE MAY O'LEARY (PAMELA BROWN), THE DUKE OF APPLECROSS (GEORGE RELPH), MRS. SHINNEY (MOLLY URQUHART), PROFESSOR MORTIMER (ROGER LIVESSEY), MRS. THISTLETON (GLEN ALYN), AND SHURIE (MERYNN JOHNS).

Ambassadors programme is an unusual document. Always I enjoy trying to deduce from the bare programme details something of a plot before a play begins. But Miss Morgan has made it difficult. Her scene is a house in Chiswick Mall. The cast contains four widows. Over the page is a map of the Starcross expedition to Tibet which, so it seems, spent thirty-five days in trying to cross the Khublai Desert towards the Khan Mountains. We gather, from the map, that it was a tragic expedition. But how is it to be linked with Chiswick Mall?

Playgoers will not want to hear too much before going to the theatre. I can say at least that the drama resolves itself into a fight between two resolute women over the memory of Christian Starcross. He led the expedition towards a fabulous city. The venture failed, but it became an enduring, and inspiring legend. Twenty years afterwards there is a project for a film. The widows of four of the dead men, and the fiancée of another, are consulted. And we are aware presently that Starcross was no more than a bluffer, a daredevil fake—in his private, as well as in his public, life. While we observe the conflict between his wife and his mistress, and listen to revelation upon revelation, we ask ourselves what the attitude of the film people should be: to save the Starcross legend or to forget it? There are many questions to be answered, and the last half of the second act and the entire third act become fiercely theatrical: sharp-driving drama in an old manner that keeps the attention because we are eager to know the end of the fight. Earlier there is a good deal of loitering talk; some of the dialogue is flat and tiresome; but when Miss Morgan is really away, and she has disposed of her comic relief, the strength of the plot and of the acting—a battle

over the skeletons—holds the evening. Sonia Dresdel's dagger-probing method and Valerie White's intense emotional sincerity are worth much in a play that does grow with the night: a well-made drama of quite uncommon substance (and full of cupboards).

The Edinburgh house of "The Mortimer Touch" (Duke of York's) contains so many cupboards, and skeletons to match, that one gives up counting them. No wonder: the theme is, in effect, that of Ben Jonson's "The Alchemist," treated by Eric Linklater (a convinced Jonsonian). Thus Subtle, the London charlatan, has changed to Mortimer, the charlatan of Edinburgh, who has what Subtle lacked, a tincture of "atomic" jargon. We see how the dupes pass, in anxious progress, through the Edinburgh house with the grim wallpaper, just as, long ago, their forerunners were tricked by Subtle, Face and Dol Common. Linklater has his modern Face in Shurie, a valet (not a very rich part), and his Dol is Connie O'Leary, an Irish lightning-streak who will be anything at call, from a prim parlourmaid to a scientific assistant. Pamela Brown acts her with a brisk pleasure in charades. Roger Livesey, with his strawberry-jam voice and his suave determination, has the



"ERIC LINKLATER HAS BASED THIS PLAY ON JONSON'S 'THE ALCHEMIST' AND IT KEEPS THE STAGE LIVELY FOR MOST OF THE EVENING": "THE MORTIMER TOUCH"—A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, THE ACTION OF WHICH TAKES PLACE IN A LARGE HOUSE IN EDINBURGH, SHOWING (L. TO R.) MISS SOBIESKI-SMITH (DAPHNE NEWTON), PROFESSOR MORTIMER (ROGER LIVESSEY) AND MISS JULIA SOBIESKI-SMITH (ESMA CANNON).

Mortimer touch; and George Relph drops in to aid him in the play's best scene—that in which the Duke of Applecross (vague successor to Sir Epicure Mammon) calls to have the lead from his castle roof turned to gold. For what reason? Merely (the Duke is happily candid) in order that he can become a very rich man, and also indulge his fancy for collecting carpets. Linklater can be unexpectedly heavy-handed now and then; but, as a rule, the farce flickers on quickly and gaily and the dialogue has often genuine style.

We began with a play from the great years of the Court Theatre. Desmond MacCarthy, in his record of that theatre forty-five years ago, used as a witty epigraph the Touchstone-Corin exchange from

"As You Like It": "Wast ever at the Court, shepherd?"—"No, truly."—"Then thou art damned." We have just met Touchstone again at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Glen Byam Shaw's revival of "As You Like It" (with its Shakespearean disguises and skeletons). The Fool is as glum as ever; and, generally, this return to Arden—which begins now in a wintry forest—is not very gay. Happily, it has in Margaret Leighton a Rosalind of most happy freshness and spirit; for her sake (with a nod to the Jaques and Orlando of Michael Hordern and Laurence Harvey) we shall remember the newest version of this pastoral of spring.



"A RESTORATION FROM THE COURT THEATRE OF 1905—GRANVILLE-BARKER'S PROBLEM-PLAY WITH ITS SHAVIAN TWIST": "THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE" (ARTS)—A SCENE FROM ACT I. IN THE OFFICE OF VOYSEY AND SON AND SHOWING (L. TO R.) MR. VOYSEY (HUGH MILLER), PEACEY (JOHN RUDDOCK) AND EDWARD VOYSEY (TONY BRITTON).

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Margaret Leighton rules Arden in a revival that, otherwise, is not very exciting. (April 29.)  
 "NIGHT OF MASQUERADE" (O).—A quartet-comedy by Jan Fabricius, gracefully adapted by W. A. Darlington. (April 29-May 4.)  
 "THE MORTIMER TOUCH" (Duke of York's).—A merry-go-round, with Roger Livesey and Pamela Brown at the controls. Eric Linklater has based it on Jonson's "The Alchemist," and it keeps the stage lively for most of the evening. (April 30.)  
 "RENDEZVOUS" (Comedy).—Pallid intimate revue, with the acting of Arthur Young and the vitality of Diana Dors as its happiest features. (May 1.)  
 "DESIRE SHALL FAIL" (New Boltons).—Allan Turpin's curiously compelling drama, produced again by Basil Ashmore, and with Edith Sharpe in a sensitive study that should have a wider audience. (May 1.)  
 "VARIETY" (Palladium).—Re-enter the vigorously talkative "Schnozzle" Durante. (May 5.)  
 "THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE" (Arts).—A restoration from the Court Theatre of 1905: Granville-Barker's problem-play with its Shavian twist. (May 6.)  
 "THE MOONRAKER" (Saville).—A well-meant, but feeble, bit of Cavalier-Roundhead tushery. (May 7-May 10.)  
 "AFTER MY FASHION" (Ambassadors).—A carefully-made skeleton-in-the-cupboard drama by Diana Morgan, with Sonia Dresdel and Valerie White to sustain it. (May 8.)

Gurney, Charmian Eyre, and Eileen Thorn-dike come through very well; Tony Britton, once the play is fairly started, keeps Edward and his worries in focus; and John Ruddock has the note of the confidential clerk who has grown up with the Voysey skeleton and who is (pardonably, perhaps) indignant that good times are ending.

At the Ambassadors Theatre, where the performance is better than the piece, the text of "After My Fashion" is,





PASSING THE MAIL AT HIGH SPEED AND CLOSE QUARTERS: A MEDITERRANEAN NAVAL OPERATION CALLING FOR PRECISION, FINE SEAMANSHIP AND ACCURATE JUDGMENT.

This fine photograph of passing the mail at sea was taken recently during Fleet exercises off Malta and shows the destroyer H.M.S. *Vigo* (Commander M. C. Greig, D.S.C.) and the cruiser H.M.S. *Euryalus* (Captain P. L. Collard) steaming at speed and a few feet apart as the mail-bag is hauled by line from ship to ship.

*Vigo*, a 2315-ton destroyer of the early "Battle" class, is the present holder of the Bulawayo Cup, which is awarded to the ship performing the best replenishment-at-sea operations. *Euryalus* is a 5770-ton cruiser of the "Dido" class, with eight 5.25-in. guns. She was completed in 1941.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. AUSTERELY BEAUTIFUL EARLY CHINESE WARES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I am not arguing, merely thinking aloud, which is often a prelude to a foolish remark—it seems odd that it is never possible to distinguish a recognisable shape, however distorted, in these blotches. One would imagine that some potter at some time might have ventured to attempt a flower or a bird on the off-chance that it might bear some resemblance to his intention when the pot was taken out of the kiln.



FIG. 1. COVERED WITH CRACKLED LAVENDER GLAZE WITH TWO WELL-REGULATED PURPLE SPLASHES: A CHÜN WARE JAR. (Height, 5 ins.)

This jar of globular shape, with a short neck and two loop handles, the crackled lavender glaze with two well-regulated purple splashes, is one of the examples of Chün ware on view at the Oriental Ceramic Society's May Loan Exhibition of Sung Dynasty (A.D. 960-1279) Wares, Chün and Brown glazes, which Frank Davis discusses on this page. (Lent by Sir Herbert Ingram, Bt.)

Either, it seems to me, he was so intensely conservative that he never dreamed of making the experiment (which is by no means unlikely), or the behaviour of the copper was such that the attempt was hopeless from the start. Anyway, there are these patches on vases and bowls, and very beautiful they are.

In Fig. 4 is another well-known shape, also of Chün ware, a flower-pot stand, which is covered with a lavender-blue glaze which is suffused with purple on the outside. Visitors will have little difficulty in recognising in the Kian-ware

decoration, two brown *feng huang* (phoenixes) on a lighter, golden-brown-shot ground, but in its fine shape. (It is extraordinary what a delight to the eye these subtle curves can be.) The colour is golden-brown, with the two phoenixes as alive and as summary as well-drawn ideographs, in a deep brown. Such things come from Kian-fu in Kiangsi. With Fig. 2 we are looking at a simple classic type tea-bowl which is mentioned in Chinese literature as early as the tenth century—"the black bowls of Chien-an in Fukien"—and captured the imagination of the Japanese in succeeding centuries, who referred to this black glaze with its brown markings as "Temmoku," which is said to be the name of a mountain in the district. Japanese Buddhist monks, according to another account, studied at a monastery at T'ien-mu Shan (Japanese Temmoku) in Chekiang, and brought back to Japan the tea-bowls they had used there. The Chinese themselves coined the phrase "Hare's fur" to describe this glaze, but do not appear now to admire Chien-an bowls and the similar types of black and brown ware made in Honan.

Many readers of this page will have the liveliest recollection of the Chinese Exhibition in London in 1935, and if they turn to the catalogue they will be able to read these words of the Chinese official historian of pottery, who wrote the introduction—that these wares "have something to recommend them." Praise could not be more lukewarm. However, Western barbarians must be allowed their idiosyncrasies, and most of us, without perhaps being able to formulate an adequate reason, find ourselves in agreement with generations of the Tea Masters of Japan, who have always looked upon them as consummate examples of a noble craft. Particularly admired are those pieces from Honan in which bubbles bursting through the dark glaze have left a sprinkling of silvery speckles—known as "oil-spot glaze"—of which a fine specimen is seen in Fig. 3.



FIG. 2. COVERED WITH A "HARE'S FUR" GLAZE, RUST-COLOURED ROUND THE RIM: A CHIEN WARE TEA-BOWL OF LARGE SIZE AND CONICAL FORM. (Diameter, 6 ins.)

"The black bowls of Chien-an," with their brown markings like 'partridge feathers' or 'hare's fur,' are mentioned by Chinese writers of the tenth-eleventh centuries, and there seems no reason to believe modern writers who state that the original place of manufacture was abandoned later in the Sung Dynasty for one nearer Chien-ang." (Lent by Sir Alan and Lady Barlow.)

pottery—especially the Japanese—have produced wares close enough in form and spirit to the Sung pieces as to be almost indistinguishable from them.

This is one of the more austere of the Society's exhibitions, by which I mean that the shapes are simple and the shades pastel: the full orchestra of the future colour harmonies had not yet been devised, but if you have a liking for haunting little melodies on the flute, or maybe the clarinet, this is the place. If you should find the composition a trifle monotonous, that merely indicates that your ear is not yet attuned to this early chamber music. Of all the various types belonging to this period (A.D. 960-1279), my own preference is for the wares known as Chün, which take their name from Chün-chou (modern Yü Hsien) in Honan. The glaze is grey with a bluish tinge which, says the modern chemist, is derived from iron, while the purple or crimson patches which often occur on it are due to copper. It used to be thought that these apparently fortuitous patches (see Fig. 1) were entirely outside the control of the potter, but I see from the admirable introduction to the catalogue by Mr. Arthur Lane, that they were deliberately applied, but were apt to volatilise and take unpredictable shapes in the heat of the kiln. If this is so—and



FIG. 3. COVERED WITH A BRILLIANT GRADUATED "OIL-SPOT" GLAZE OF LUSTROUS TONE: A HONAN WARE BOWL OF WIDE, SHALLOW SHAPE WITH UPRIGHT SIDES. (Diameter, 6½ ins.)

"The lustrous brown glazes of the 'Honan' types were handled with masterly skill," writes Mr. Arthur Lane in the foreword to the catalogue of the Oriental Ceramic Society's Sung Dynasty Wares Loan Exhibition (open until May 31); and continues: "Most prized of all are the 'oil spot' pieces in which bubbles bursting through the dark glaze have left a sprinkling of silver speckles." (Lent by Mrs. Alfred Clark.)

I mentioned above that modern Japanese potters have produced some extremely good imitations of these Sung Dynasty wares, nor have the Chinese themselves been lacking in this kind of business enterprise—especially in reglazing and refiring "wasters" found in the neighbourhood of the various kilns. There is also the habit of the eighteenth-century Chinese potter of making copies of early pieces and placing upon them the reign mark of Yung Cheng or Ch'ien Lung—that is, the mark of his own period—all fair and above board so far. But in many cases it is suspected that his descendants have ground away the eighteenth-century marks and have passed off the pieces as having been made several centuries earlier. Another trick, we are told, was to plant a modern forgery near an alleged kiln-site and allow the happy globe-trotter to find it for himself. In one way and another it seems to have been a risky business to buy in the Far East. It has always been much safer in Paris or London or New York, where there are dealers of great knowledge and experience, and museums containing unimpeachable specimens which have been subjected to the most searching tests over many years by men who have devoted a lifetime to this absorbing study.



FIG. 4. COVERED WITH AN OPALESCENT LAVENDER-BLUE GLAZE FROSTED IN PARTS AND WITH "EARTH-WORM" MARKS, THE EXTERIOR SUFFUSED WITH PURPLE: A CHÜN WARE FLOWER-POT STAND. (Diameter, 8½ ins.)

Many Chün pieces "show short wavy lines of darker tone in the opalescent areas, due to fissures which appeared at an early stage in firing and were subsequently filled up, by the more transparent glaze elements. These are known as 'earth-worm marks' . . . but the nickname is modern and has no sanction from early Chinese writers. . . ." (Lent by Dr. T. H. Shire.)

conical bowl (lent by Mrs. Alfred Clark) a type which has exercised a very special fascination on modern potters; I can call to mind several versions, not copies, of this theme which have recaptured something of its simple dignity, and that not only in its sombre but lively



## EXTRAORDINARY PRICES FOR FRENCH NINETEENTH-CENTURY MASTERS.



"DANCERS BOWING"; BY EDGARD DEGAS (1834-1917). A PASTEL WHICH FETCHED £10,500 AT THE AUCTION OF THE COGNACQ COLLECTION IN PARIS. (15 by 19½ ins.)



"LANDSCAPE; TREES AND HOUSES"; BY PAUL CEZANNE (1839-1906), OIL ON CANVAS, WHICH WAS SOLD FOR £20,000 AT THE GALERIE CHARPENTIER, IN PARIS. (26½ by 36½ ins.)



"THE THISTLES"; BY VINCENT VAN GOGH (1853-1890). OIL ON CANVAS, UNFINISHED; ARLES PERIOD, AUGUST, 1888. SOLD FOR £16,500. (23½ by 19½ ins.)



"GIRL WITH A HAT TRIMMED WITH WILD FLOWERS"; BY AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). OIL ON CANVAS. SIGNED AND DATED '80. SOLD FOR £22,500. (21½ by 18½ ins.)



"THE DRESSMAKER"; BY AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). DRAWING IN SANGUINE AND CHALK, WHICH FETCHED £3250. (18½ by 11 ins.)



"APPLES AND BISCUITS"; BY PAUL CEZANNE (1839-1906). OIL ON CANVAS, PAINTED c. 1880-1882. SOLD FOR £33,000. (18½ by 21½ ins.)



"THE TWO SISTERS" (GIRLS DRAWING); BY AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919). OIL ON CANVAS. SOLD FOR £19,000 IN THE COGNACQ SALE. (18½ by 21½ ins.)

Exceptionally high prices were realised in Paris at the first day's sale by auction of the great Cognacq Collection at the Galerie Charpentier. The sixty-three paintings and six pieces of sculpture put up fetched a total of some £316,500. The gallery was crowded with distinguished spectators and the buyers included dealers from this country, Switzerland and America; but most of the lots were secured by French bidders. The outstanding feature of the sale was the extraordinarily high prices fetched by works of the French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist painters. Cézanne's still-life of "Apples and Biscuits" realised £33,000, the highest sum paid for any single painting

in the sale; and the price of £3250 fetched by Renoir's sanguine and chalk drawing, "The Dressmaker" (a study for the well-known painting "The Umbrellas"), is one of the largest ever given for a drawing in a sale-room. The collection was formed by M. Cognacq-Jay, founder of the department store, "La Samaritaine." He left it to his nephew, M. Gabriel Cognacq, who died in 1951. At one time the pictures were destined for the Louvre, but M. Cognacq altered his will, after he had been, in his opinion, unjustly accused of collaboration with the Germans, and made the Cognacq-Jay Foundation, a charitable institution, the sole beneficiary of his estate.

Reproductions by courtesy of the Galerie Charpentier, Paris





# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE moorhen sitting among the water plants was artistically satisfying. The fresh green of the vegetation was dappled with the blue of the water forget-me-not, and there was just enough sun to bring out the sealing-wax-red of the bird's frontal shield and the bright yellow of the end of the beak, giving a vivid contrast with the glossy slate-grey of the head and neck and the brown of the wings. Add to this the white "Plimsoll line" of the wings and the white of the under-tail, and the adult moorhen is a very handsome bird, whose beauties we can rarely appreciate, largely because it gives us little opportunity to see it closely or for long at a time.

By one of those perverse tricks of common names, this bird is known as the moorhen in Southern England, where there are no moors worth the mention, and as the waterhen in the north, where there are moors. The confusion sets the seal on the bird's habits, in so far as it can enjoy the best of two worlds, an ornithological marine, in fact. The available evidence suggests that the moorhen could live equally well on land, and in many places it forages there exclusively. I can think especially of one community, of probably half-a-dozen individuals, that spend the whole day searching the grass in meadows bounded by meandering streams that are no more than deep ditches, with the contained water a yard across and a foot deep for most of the year. Yet at the slightest alarm, such as the appearance of somebody walking across the fields a hundred yards away, each one of these birds will run for cover, at an estimated twelve miles an hour.

A half a mile away is another group, spread out, each in its own territory except during the breeding season, feeding exclusively on the water on a river which is about 25 ft. wide. I have watched the members of this community, each cruising up and down its own beat practically the whole day long in summer, picking insects off the surface of the water. Occasionally they take pieces of vegetation. At intervals they retire to the plants at the water's edge to preen and to bathe. Always, if disturbed, they swim rapidly for shelter in the riverside vegetation. If suddenly surprised, they move, partly flying, partly running, the wings doing little more than lifting the body off the water, while the feet beat its surface. Very rarely, and in urgent circumstances, they may dive for safety. Like their land-foraging relations across the way, they always make for the river-bank for cover and refuge.

It is natural for a moorhen to use its legs for escape. They are strongly made, large in proportion to the body, and the only thing about them indicating their use in swimming lies in a slight flap, or semi-webbing, fringing each toe. Moorhens will perch in trees, too, and I have seen one fly strongly for a hundred yards or so at tree-top height. Taking it altogether, the best we can say of them is that they are running birds that can, in addition, swim well and that live habitually on the margins of rivers, ponds or lakes. Within

## THE MOORHEN'S STORY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

an evolutionary conception we should have to classify them as birds descended from land-living ancestors, that have feeble powers of flight, and are on the way to becoming aquatic.

It is usual to assume that if a species shows indications of the line along which it has developed, its individual members will show signs of this development in its life-history. The classic example is, of course, found in the life-history of a frog. Because the eggs are laid in water, and from these hatch a purely aquatic tadpole, it is usual to assume a development of the species from a purely aquatic stock. When this is followed by the loss of the tail and the emergence of the four legs, the loss of gills and

development shows some indications of its ancestry. This, the Recapitulation Theory, has sustained some severe blows since it was first enunciated, but with modifications, it is still acceptable as having some foundation in truth. It is of interest to see how far it can be applied in the present case.

The moorhen exercises a fairly wide choice of nesting site, among waterside vegetation, on an island of mud or in a low fork of a tree overhanging water. In other words, the chicks are hatched in a nest based on *terra firma*, yet water is under or very near it. Casualties among young chicks from drowning are very high. Here, then, is a suggestion that development towards an aquatic life has not gone very far, or is of comparatively recent date. But those that escape the early dangers show themselves adepts in the water, swimming readily, diving automatically at the first sign of danger and altogether showing themselves master of the necessary aquatic tricks.

On one occasion I was walking along a river-bank when, almost under my feet, a moorhen flew out and flew downstream, calling loudly. It is unusual for the bird to cry out when making off. Perhaps it was this that made me stop and stare. In any case, in a few moments a black chick bobbed up out of the water, scrambled on to the bank and disappeared under a large root of alder. It can only be presumed that the reaction of the chick to danger was to submerge, of the adult to fly away crying loudly to attract my attention away from its chick.

This incident is recounted merely to stress the readiness of the chick, which is more emphasized than in the adult, to submerge. If we assume that the moorhen is at the half-way stage between being terrestrial and

the truly aquatic, the mortality among the early chicks is understandable. It is understandable that the surviving chicks should later learn to swim well. It is logical also that the adults should not only be able to swim well, but to dive well also. The trick of submerging for safety following an alarm is very generally linked with swimming even when this is used as an occasional method of locomotion. What is remarkable is to find the crash-diving so strongly developed in the early chick, as compared with the infrequency of its use in the adult, which prefers to run, on land or on the water, and dives for safety, as a rule, only when cornered.

Except for the crash-diving trick, the life-history of the moorhen is an orderly sequence, and its unfolding is what could be expected on the ground of the Recapitulation Theory. But diving should follow on swimming. In the greatly emphasized habit of submerging instantly on alarm, of bobbing up like a cork later, and submerging again if need arise, there is a contradiction. It is as though the diving is something superimposed in the life-history, a precocious feature over-emphasized to meet the peculiar needs of a chick whose parents are neither terrestrial nor aquatic.



AN ORNITHOLOGICAL MARINE EQUALLY AT HOME ON LAND AND IN THE WATER: THE MOORHEN, WHOSE LEGS ARE STRONGLY MADE, LARGE IN PROPORTION TO THE BODY, AND HAVING AS THE ONLY INDICATION OF THEIR USE IN SWIMMING A SLIGHT FLAP, OR SEMI-WEBBING, FRINGING EACH TOE.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

the growth of lungs, ending in the complete transformation from an aquatic tadpole to a terrestrial frog, it is plausible to suggest that the sequence may approximate to the ancestral history.

Practically every plant or animal carries in its life-history some traces that can best be interpreted as pointers to the history of its stock. In some instances the signs are vague and dimly perceived, in others, like the frog, they are strong. Very often they are overlaid with subsidiary characters or signs. There is, however, taking all the evidence, sufficient ground to suppose that every individual in its

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## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

**ADMIRAL SIR JOHN H. EDELSTEN.**

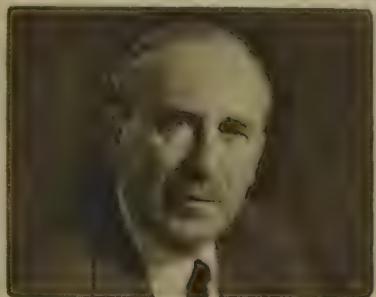
Appointed C-in-C., Portsmouth, in succession to Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Power, with effect from September. Admiral Sir John Edelman has been Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, since 1950. He was Assistant Chief of the Naval Staff (U-Boats and Trade) during the Atlantic Battle period; and was later Vice-Chief of the Naval Staff.



**THE INAUGURAL MEETING AT THE MANSION HOUSE TO CONSIDER A NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.** SIR GEORGE WILKINSON, BT., WHO PRESIDED, IS SHOWN IN THE CENTRE. Our group at the meeting on May 15 to consider a National Memorial to his late Majesty shows (l. to r.) Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Truscott (behind), the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir George Wilkinson, Bt. (Lord Mayor *locum tenens*, in the absence through illness of the Lord Mayor), Sir Christopher Chancellor (behind), the Lady Mayoress, Lady Boyce, the Bishop of London (behind), the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Woolton, Mr. Sheriff Harman (behind), Mr. Clement E. Davies and Mr. C. F. Cobbold.

**REAR-ADMIRAL A. D. TORLESSE.**

To command the joint operation in which the three fighting Services and the Ministry of Supply will be involved, to test a British atomic weapon off the north-west coast of Australia. Admiral A. D. Torlesse served as a midshipman, Grand Fleet, in 1918. He commanded *Triumph*, Far East, 1950, taking part in the first three months of the Korean war.



**BARON EDGAR M. VAN VERDUYNEN.** Died in London on May 13, aged sixty-six. He had been Netherlands Ambassador to the Court of St. James's since 1939. During the war he was also Minister without Portfolio in the Netherlands Government in exile. Baron Van Verduynen was given the honour of a full military funeral in London on May 16 before his coffin was flown to Holland.

**DR. W. G. PENNEY.**

Appointed to direct the forthcoming British atomic-weapon test at the Monte Bello Islands, off the north-west coast of Australia. Dr. Penney has been Chief Superintendent, Armament Research, Ministry of Supply, since 1946. He witnessed the atom bombing of Nagasaki in 1945, and he attended the Bikini atom-bomb tests in 1946.



**ARRIVING AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE IN TOKYO: SIR ESLE DENNING, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.**

On May 6, for the first time since the war, foreign diplomatists presented their letters of credence to Emperor Hirohito in his capacity as constitutional ruler of Japan. Our photograph shows the arrival at the Imperial Palace of Sir Esler Denning, Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador.

**BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. F. COLSON.**

Brigadier-General Charles F. Colson, who as Commander of the United Nations prison camp on Koje Island, South Korea, accepted the terms of Communist prisoners for the release of his predecessor, Brigadier-General F. T. Dodd, was abruptly relieved of his command on May 2.

**MR. LANCE MACKLIN.**

Won the International Trophy Race at Silverstone on May 10. Although one of our most brilliant drivers, he had not previously won a big race, and his victory delighted everybody. In our issue of May 17 a photograph which was incorrectly described as showing Mr. Stirling Moss showed, in fact, Mr. Macklin.

**MR. J. G. N. STRAUSS.**

Leader of the Opposition, the South African United Party, since 1950, in succession to the late Field Marshal Smuts. Mr. Strauss is vigorously opposing the High Court of Parliament Bill which he has described as "a fraud on the constitution" clearly designed to override the courts of the land.

**GROUP CAPTAIN A. G. MALAN.**

Group Captain "Sailor" Malan is leader of the South African Torch Commando, an extra-Parliamentary association of war veterans formed since the Nationalists came into power to demonstrate against what its members believe to be the Nationalists' ambition to set up a totalitarian system of rule.

**THE BRITISH AND FRENCH MINISTERS OF DEFENCE:**

**FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER AND M. PLEVEN (L.).** Field Marshal Lord Alexander, British Minister of Defence, had talks in Paris on May 12 with M. Plevin, French Minister of National Defence on the subject of co-operation between British and Continental Defence Forces. After these conversations he called on Lord Ismay, Secretary-General, N.A.T.O.



**THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION, WHO NO LONGER ISSUES HIS CHALLENGE IN FULL ARMOUR IN WESTMINSTER HALL: CAPT. J. L. M. DYMOKE.** The present holder of the title of Queen's Champion, Captain J. L. M. Dymoke, arrived home with the 1st Battalion The Royal Lincolnshire Regiment from the Middle East on May 11. The title is invested in the Manor of Scrivelsby, Lincs, occupied by Dymokes, father and son, since the time of Richard II. (except between 1476 and 1546). The King's Champion carried the Union Standard at the last Coronation.

**WITH THE TURKISH PRIME MINISTER AND CHIEF OF THE TURKISH GENERAL STAFF:**

**FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY (CENTRE) DURING HIS VISIT TO ANKARA.** Field Marshal Lord Montgomery arrived in Ankara by air from Athens on May 11 for a three-day visit. During his stay he was received by President Celal Bayar. Our photograph shows Lord Montgomery with the Turkish Prime Minister, Mr. Adnan Menderes (right) and General Nuri Yamut, Chief of the Turkish General Staff. On May 14 Sir Knox Helm, the British Ambassador, gave a dinner for the Field Marshal. Among those present were the Chief of Staff, the Foreign Minister and the Defence Minister.

**TO COMMAND THE COMMONWEALTH DIVISION IN KOREA: MAJOR-GENERAL M. M. ALSTON-ROBERTS-WEST.**

To command the Commonwealth Division in Korea, from August next. Major-General Alston-Roberts-West, who is forty-six, has been G.O.C.-in-C., British Troops in Austria, since 1950. Educated at Uppingham and at Sandhurst, he was commissioned in 1925. During World War II, he took part in the Madagascar operations; he also served in India and Burma, where he was awarded the D.S.O. and Bar.



## THE CURRENT SCENE IN ENGLAND: EVENTS ON LAND, SEA, AND IN THE AIR.



THE RETURN OF A POPULAR PRE-WAR HOLIDAY ATTRACTION: THE RAILWAY CAMPING COACH—A VIEW OF THE DINING-ROOM, WHICH CAN SEAT SIX TO EIGHT PEOPLE.

It was recently announced that camping coaches, a popular pre-war holiday attraction, would return to British Railways, Western Region, 10-day (May 24). This holiday facility, which was withdrawn at the outbreak of war, provides a rail [Continued opposite.

EQUIPPED WITH SHEETS, PILLOWS, BLANKETS AND KITCHEN UTENSILS: THE INTERIOR OF A CAMPING COACH, SHOWING THE KITCHEN ARRANGEMENTS FOR COOKING.

[Continued] coach specially fitted with sleeping quarters and domestic requirements for six to eight persons, stabled at selected stations and available for rail-travelling holiday-makers at weekly rentals of between £7 and £10. The first of these coaches are now available.



AN AIR-SEA RESCUE TRIAL WITH A BRISTOL TYPE 171 SYCAMORE HELICOPTER.

Recently air-sea rescue trials have taken place with the Bristol Type 171 Sycamore helicopter, a 4-5-seater in service with the British Army Helicopter Unit and the R.A.F. Coastal Command. The rescuer, seated in a bo'sun's chair, is lowered by cable and secures the rescued man with a webbing loop passed under his arms.



ONE OF ELEVEN KENT WINDMILLS NOW TO BE PRESERVED: THE UNION MILL AT CRANBROOK.

The Kent County Council has made orders, subject to the confirmation of the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, for the preservation of eleven Kent windmills. These are at Cranbrook, Willesborough, West Kingsdown, Ash, Wittersham, Meopham, Herne, Barham, Charing, Goodnestone and Keston.



THE 800TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF KIRKSTALL ABBEY, LEEDS, CELEBRATED.

On May 17 some 20,000 Roman Catholic pilgrims from all parts of the Leeds Diocese were present at the celebration of High Mass at Kirkstall Abbey, Leeds, to mark the 800th anniversary of the founding of the Abbey. Our photograph shows the procession passing down the ruined nave to the High Altar set in the grounds.



TO PROVIDE TRAINING IN PRACTICAL SEAMANSHIP: THE STEAM-YACHT WENDORIAN AT HER BERTH IN WAPPING BASIN. In December last year it was announced that Mr. G. E. Milligan had placed his steam-yacht Wendorian at the disposal of the King Edward VII. Nautical College to provide training in practical seamanship. The Wendorian has been refitted and is now berthed in Wapping Basin. The vessel, of 120 tons, was built in 1903 and is schooner-rigged.



WEARING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S PERSONAL STANDARD: A VIKING OF THE KING'S FLIGHT.

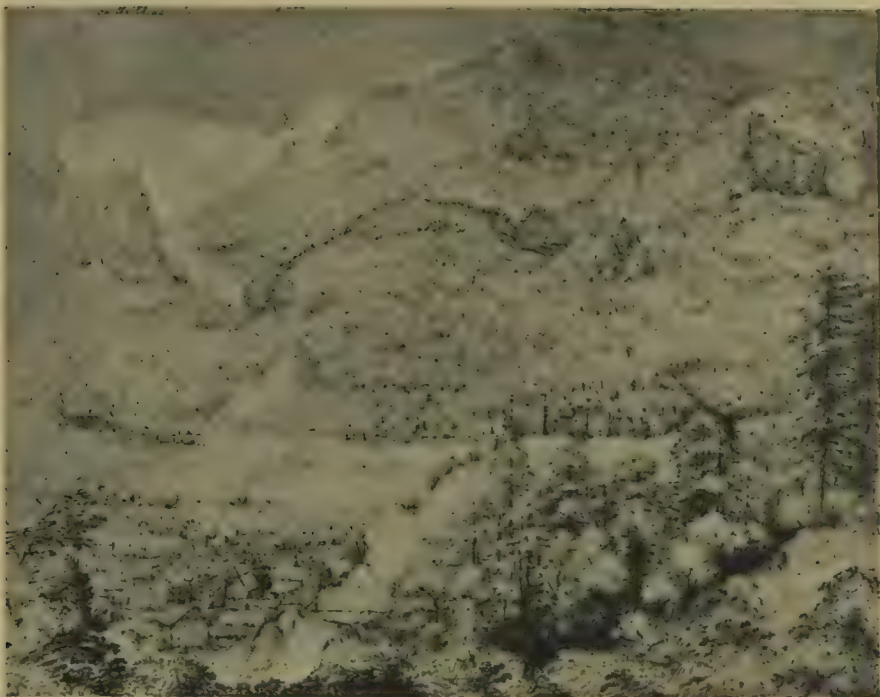
When the Duke of Edinburgh flew to Cornwall recently, the aircraft wore his personal Standard at London Airport. This has quarterly: 1st, or, semee of hearts gules, three lions passant in pale azure ducally crowned of the first; 2nd, azure a cross argent; 3rd, argent, two pallets sable; 4th, argent upon a rock proper a castle triple towered sable.



A WOMAN SETS OUT ALONE TO SAIL ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: MRS. DAVISON IN FELICITY ANN. On May 18 Mrs. Ann Davison set out from Plymouth in her 23-ft. boat Felicity Ann to sail to Florida via Madeira. Three years ago she attempted the crossing with her husband, who was drowned when they were wrecked at Portland.



## NIGERIA'S FIRST MUSEUM, AND NOTABLE EVENTS IN THE ART WORLD.



SOLD BY AUCTION FOR 6200 GUINEAS: "A VIEW ON THE RHINE," BY PIETER BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER (1530-1569). (Pen and ink and sepia wash. Signed.) (14 by 17½ ins.) "A View on the Rhine," a drawing of a mountainous landscape in pen and ink and sepia wash, signed by Pieter Bruegel, the Elder, was sold on May 16 at Christie's for 6200 guineas. It came from the collection formed in 1770 by the Rev. Thomas Carwardine, of Earl's Colne Priory, Essex, while travelling on the Continent with George Romney; and was sold by the order of Colonel Oliver Probert.



SOLD FOR 20,500 GUINEAS AT CHRISTIE'S: "SALISBURY CATHEDRAL," BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A. (1776-1837). (Signed and dated 1823.) (25 by 30 ins.) This painting of Salisbury Cathedral, known as the "Small Cathedral," and the "Wedding Present" (as it was given by John Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, to his daughter Elizabeth on her marriage to John Mirehouse), was sold at Christie's by order of Mrs. Allen-Mirehouse and Major John Allen-Mirehouse. It has been in the family ever since it was painted. It fetched 20,500 guineas.



AFTER MAKING HER WINNING BID OF £33,000 FOR CEZANNE'S "APPLES AND BISCUITS" IN THE COGNACQ SALE, PARIS (SEE PAGE 891): MME. J. WALTER.



OPENED ON APRIL 26 BY THE GOVERNOR OF NIGERIA, SIR JOHN MACPHERSON: THE JOS MUSEUM OF NIGERIAN ARCHAEOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY, FIRST BUILDING IN NIGERIA SPECIALLY DESIGNED AS A MUSEUM.

The Jos Museum of Nigerian archaeology and ethnology, one of the finest small buildings in Nigeria, is the first to be put up for the Nigerian Antiquities Service. Mr. G. R. Stout made the preliminary drawings, which Mr. J. C. M. Hames developed and made into working drawings; and Mr. B. E. B. Fagg, Government Archaeologist and Assistant Surveyor of Antiquities, supervised the construction. The museum is primarily for archaeology, for the prehistoric works made by man in Nigeria from perhaps 200,000 years ago. Afo, Ekoi, Ibibio, Ibo, Ijaw, Jaba, Kaleri, Ogoni and Yoruba masks and wood carvings are among the exhibits. Seven Africans have been trained for museum work by a technical instructor from the British Museum, London.



"STILL LIFE": BY CAREL WEIGHT, A CONTEMPORARY PAINTING PURCHASED FOR THE OFFICE OF WORKS COLLECTION TO ADORN GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In the House of Commons on April 22 the Minister of Works invited gifts and loans in kind and subscriptions for pictures and works of art to adorn Government buildings. The response has been generous, and both old masters and contemporary paintings are included. Carel Weight's "Still Life" was purchased from funds put at the disposal of the Ministry of Works by the British American Tobacco Company, and the fine portrait by Zoffany is one of a number of paintings and drawings lent by collectors. The subject, Israel Mauduit (1708-1787), was a political pamphleteer, educated for the dissenting ministry but becoming a partner in a woollen draper's business. His "Considerations on the German War 1760" was described by Horace Walpole as "shrewdly and ably written, having more operation in working a change on the minds of men than perhaps ever fell to the lot of a pamphlet." Mauduit also wrote "Some Observations on an American Wasp's Nest."



"I. MAUDUIT": BY JOHN ZOFFANY (1733-1810), LENT BY A PRIVATE COLLECTOR TO THE OFFICE OF WORKS.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

NO one would say that current fiction, in its higher reaches, errs on the cheerful side. This gift of grimness is compatible with many creeds, and is revered impartially on any basis. But for a truly inspissated gloom, a flat "Abandon hope," it must be owned that the religious novelists are in a class by themselves. Which may seem odd, since hope is a religious virtue. But then, ideas of sin and hell, of reprobation and eternal torment, are religious too, and better suited to the *Zeitgeist*. In this dark world the neo-Catholics have reaped their laurels. And at the heart of darkness is François Mauriac—with his Bordeaux, the capital of desolation. In "The Little Misery" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s. 6d.) we find the mixture as before—same place, same hate and dreariness, and fleshly torments, and abyss of suffering. But this time in an even smaller compass and a stronger dose.

Paula has brought it on herself; she married Galéas de Cernès of her own free will. Indeed, her aunt and uncle were against it, though they longed to get rid of her. But he would make her Madame la Baronne; he would provide the entrée to a "closed circle." And to the ex-mayor's niece, the little bourgeoisie of Bordeaux, that was a magic phrase. She could put up with a degenerate, a simpleton, a wretched scarecrow, if his circle was closed. So she imagined at the time. Now it has closed on her indeed, and she is fast in hell. She loathes her miserable, pathetic husband to the point of nausea. She lives in greater squalor than the peasants. She is not even *la Baronne*; that title is reserved for the old woman, her detested house-mate. And worst of all, she has a child—a filthy, witless brat, the very image of his father, her disgust and shame. She is a fiend to Guillou, and a Gorgon to the whole house. She is unkempt and savage, and a secret drinker. But she is none the less a tortured soul. Even the good God has abandoned Cernès—not that Paula would mind, but that the folly and disgrace are hers. After a year of marriage, she sought a confidant in the young priest; and he was equally distraught and lonely, and confided back. And that was absolutely all. As a result, the priest was sent away, the chapel placed under an interdict; while "Madame Galéas" became a public fable—"her as was caught with the curé..."

And it is still believed. The village schoolmaster believes it. . . . That she can't bear; he is a "Red," a kindred spirit, a potential saviour. She will approach him about Guillou, she will storm his life. Guillou is whirled along, in ecstasies of terror—but he leaves in bliss, feeling that all has changed. It is his first good moment, and his last. Robert could help him, and would rather like to; only he doesn't choose to get entangled with the "big house."

And then the wretched father intervenes. He has compassion on his wretched boy, and they escape together. It is a terse and horrid little masterpiece. There is no questioning the author's pity; but it does not come cheap.

"Root of Evil," by Doreen Wallace (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is a more cheerful tragedy, or, if you like, a cautionary tale. John Rowley's bride is socially above him; he is a thatcher, while the Kemps are farmers in a small way. So they have tried to talk her out of it. Jane doesn't care, but John is permanently galled. No doubt his wife has had a come-down, but her son shall rise; he shall become a gentleman at Oxford College, in a dress suit, and never speak to his maternal grandparents. This scheme has hardened into rock before the subject is born. For years they can't afford to have him, and Jane staves off maternal longings with the orphan Joe, her husband's baby brother, who is less expensive. Then comes the Wonder Boy. Perhaps unluckily, he is a wonder—bright, beautiful and winning. A dull child would have wrecked the plan; Bernard may just achieve it, with the total sacrifice of everyone else. And Bernard, naturally, takes it all for granted. He is a clever, a deserving boy; everyone ought to help him. Soon he is blushing for his parents—but they shouldn't mind. Are they not rearing him to blush for them?

Yet he is not quite spoilt. At the eleventh hour the plan meets with a frightful setback; John is disabled by a fall. And Bernard can't help feeling he should go to work. But he is told, and rather easily persuaded, that it would not be right. So he goes up to Oxford with a scholarship—and almost nothing else. He has no gift of self-denial. And the end is tragedy.

This is an almost self-supporting plot. It has an admirable village background. It is intensely readable—and yet I felt the date was a mistake. The time is past when "evening clothes," and other gentlemanly trimmings, were a *sine qua non*.

"The Cloud Above the Green," by Philip Gibbs (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), presents a topical debate on war. Longmead is just growing conscious of it as a possibility. General Kendrick got there long ago; he lies awake at night, sweating to think of Britain's helplessness, its apathy, its mortal danger. While Lady Kendrick thinks about her son. Mervyn is a cadet at Sandhurst; he is young, beautiful and good—and all for what? And what of all the other Mervyns? As time goes on and the Korean trouble gets under way, this dread becomes a spiritual passion. Anything, anything to keep the peace! Rudi, a local refugee, is of the same mind, and also he can use a patroness.

Rudi's intrigues, and Mervyn's boyish passion for the doctor's wife, supply the needful element of story. But in point of fact the novel is a mirror of opinion—fair, comprehensive, excellently managed.

"Death at Lord's," by Bernard Newman (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), opens informatively on the cricket field, with Mr. Newman doing the honours of the game. For Mr. Prince, his colleague of the F.B.I., needs to be told a lot. Then crime breaks in; a vicious and erratic bowler strikes the batsman dead. At any rate, it looks that way. And when the batsman turns out to have pinched the bowler's girl, it starts to look like murder. And so it is. And yet the bowler is not guilty. Yet the girl is crucial. . . . Yes, an extremely complicated business, with a sexual core, and brisk developments, and most unorthodox procedure. And I must add, improbable to a degree.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I HAVE a feeling that we chess players never appear quite so queer to others as when travelling. I have often remained engrossed in my miniature chess set on a railway journey for two or three hours, and I have sensed my fellow-travellers becoming a bit restive about it towards the end of that time. In my wanderings around the world, however, I have encountered whole classes of British tourists, popularly regarded as quite normal, whose peculiarities seem to me to leave those of chess players behind.

That young Scotsman at Venice, for instance. His gaudy kilt must have caused a stir as he hitch-hiked through Belgium, Germany and Austria. His trip from Arrochar (was it?) had cost him about 15s., and he was just reconciling himself to the fact that he could not possibly get to Athens on less than another seven or eight. It wasn't meanness or poverty that motivated this parsimony, but an abstract interest in going the maximum distance at the minimum expense, and a disregard of comfort which I could never achieve as long as I live. To go hungry for hours at a time, when mileages fail to work out as planned (and how can they ever, on a hitch-hike?), to be soaked, scorched, bitten and blistered and end wearying days in cheap, possibly dirty, lodging-houses—how can this be pleasant? And shouldn't a holiday be pleasant? I have met many like him.

Many people seem to stretch their foreign travel allowance to the utmost trying hard not to leave Britain at all. They make straight for a high-class hotel and proceed to order the things familiar to them at home. If their waiter doesn't speak English, they complain to the management. They ransack the menu for something "wholesome," plump with relief for *bifstek* in spite of the silly spelling, then moan that these foreigners have managed to murder even that. Just once, I experienced a tinge of fellow-feeling for people like this; when, for the first and last time, I tried "*frippe à la mode de Caen*."

Streams of people exclaim, "So you've been to Blank? Ooh, you are lucky! Did you see the historic blank tower, or the blank, or the blank?" After we've verbally visited about ten different places and I've had to confess I haven't seen one of the blank sights the guide-books so painstakingly list, I am abandoned as an imbecile. Yet surely there are a thousand things everywhere more interesting than the guide-books mention?

Returning from Denmark once by boat, I found the steward making sheepish but strenuous efforts to divert me up on to the deck for the night. Only when he had aroused me to real fury did he admit me to the cabin I had booked and paid for a fortnight before. Most, maybe all, of the cabins had two berths. My cabin-mate, I found, was already installed; the brand names on his soap, toothpaste, etc., scattered about indicated a fellow-countryman. I never saw him. He never came to the cabin at all and his belongings were soon unobtrusively removed. He could hardly have disliked me personally—he had obviously arranged for my removal before he could have seen me or known who I was. If he so hated company, why did he throw himself into the maelstrom of foreign travel? If affluent enough to bribe attendants to eject people from his vicinity wherever he went, why did he not book a private plane instead of going by crowded ship?

Fate and an enterprising tournament committee may gather together some twenty chess masters, from as many different lands, in a world-renowned Continental spa. From before their hotel may stretch a panorama of breathtaking beauty. For a month they may play, argue, analyse and discuss their beloved game without looking out through the windows once.

Are they any more lunatic than some of the "sane"?

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## GODS AND THE ARTS.

EVERY civilisation gets the gods and religions it deserves. In our own country the industrial revolution and the triumphs of science have brought us to the point where our religions range from the belief of the dwindling minority of Christians to the ecstatic followers of Uncle Joe Stalin and the lesser satellite gods of the Soviet Pantheon. The gods of ancient Greece were a loose-living, hedonistic, thoroughly anthropomorphic lot, who did little harm unless you happened to arouse their capricious anger or unless you happened to be an attractive young lady who was so rash as to pat them in the form of a bull or admire them in the shape of a swan. The gods of Rome were much the same with different names, but adapted to the stern practical requirements of the most efficient state which has ever existed. The Middle East has been the traditional spawning ground of unattractive

deities—still invoked by the fools who dabble in black magic and demonology. When one comes to the gods of the ancient Egyptians (one stands open to correction by Egyptologists) it is difficult to make up one's mind. The Falcon and the Ibis, whose white hock-bottle necks are at this moment everywhere to be seen in the corn- and flax-fields of the Delta, are attractive enough. I am not sure about the dog-faced baboon, the cat, the jackal and the dung-beetle. However, as with all ancient art, religious in its origins, it is to these gods that we must be grateful for the treasures revealed by the Egyptologist. It is curious to reflect with Hermann Ranke, the author of "Masterpieces of Egyptian Art" (Allen and Unwin; 25s.), that Egyptology is barely 160 years old, dating back to Goethe's admiration of the "Egyptian things" in Rome and to the discovery, twelve years later, by Napoleon's soldiers of the Rosetta Stone and the deciphering of its inscriptions by Champollion which opened up the secrets of Egyptian hieroglyphic writing. This beautifully produced book by a scholar of international rank covers the whole period of the florescence of Egyptian art, from the pre-dynastic period to its decline under Greek and Roman influence, until its final extinction at the hands of the Arabs. The remarkable vividness of the surviving figurines and other works of art of the pre-dynastic period, notably the lively "Lion-Hunt Palette," were an earnest of the real golden age of Egyptian art (and, indeed, of Egyptian history), the "Old Kingdom" which lasted for the 700 years down to 2300 B.C. It is almost incredible to think that the statues of Ranof, of King Mycerinus between goddesses, and the "Louvre Scribe," the wooden figure of the "Mayor of the Village" and the painting on stucco of grazing ducks and geese (of a realism which would not disgrace Mr. Peter Scott), were all executed between 4300 and 4800 years ago, when these islands were covered with swampy jungle and inhabited at best by a few extremely primitive aborigines. It is difficult, at a time when European civilisation is threatened with annihilation, not to look at these symbols of civilisation that once must have seemed so utterly desirable and so secure, but which were so completely forgotten, without a feeling of melancholy—as difficult as not to study them with delight and with gratitude to Herr Ranke for bringing them before us in so pleasant a form.

Mr. Harold Nicolson has recently written that "we are inclined in this country to underestimate the quality of American universities, being so shocked by the number of uneducated students they produce that we ignore the excellence of their post-graduate work." It would be difficult to find a better example of what Mr. Nicolson means than in a monumental work, "Roman Sources of Christian Art," by Emerson H. Swift, Professor of Fine Arts at Columbia University. This book is printed by the Columbia University Press and published in Great Britain by the Oxford University Press under the ægis of Geoffrey Cumberlege, at 63s. This book is pre-eminently one by a scholar for scholars, but it will, nevertheless, have an appeal for all those who are interested in the development of Christian art. It has been generally assumed by the majority of scholars that mediæval Christian art, architecture and decoration owed much to the oriental origin of the Christian religion itself. Professor Swift, on the contrary, believes that the major influence on these developments was that of the Western Roman Empire, and, indeed, that Byzantine architecture, for all its oriental floridity, is a direct outgrowth of Western Roman architecture. This fine production is a tribute to Transatlantic co-operation.

Another such is the first publication in this country of "Menaboni's Birds" (Michael Joseph; 84s.). These beautiful paintings, so beautifully reproduced, are by Athos Menaboni, an Italian immigrant to the United States, for whom I predict a vogue as great as he enjoys in that country of his adoption. His wife, Sara Menaboni, contributes a delightful text of the life which these two bird-lovers have spent among the objects of their affection, but the glory of this book must remain her husband's illustrations. So attractive are these that I fear for them the fate of being cut out by the commercially-minded and turned into individual pictures, or table mats.

For beauty of reproduction I must also recommend "Treasures of Indian Miniatures," with an introduction by Basil Gray (Bruno Cassirer; 10s. 6d.). These miniatures are from the Bikaner Palace collection and cover a period from the end of the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. The colours are vivid, and for all the formalism which one associates with this period of Indian and Persian art there is a great deal of movement in the compositions. Indeed, it is another reminder of the florescence of a vanished civilisation—a civilisation which had virtually waned by the time "John Company" took the place of the Great Moghul.

In spite of its high price (£7 7s.), I can see a ready sale among serious students of art, art dealers, museums, galleries, libraries and the like, for "A Dictionary of British Landscape Painters," by Colonel Maurice Harold Grant (F. Lewis Ltd.). This "Dictionary" covers the period from the sixteenth to the early twentieth centuries, and Colonel Grant could, I think, challenge the most knowledgeable experts to find any landscape painter who has worked in this country, however obscure, whom he has not recorded.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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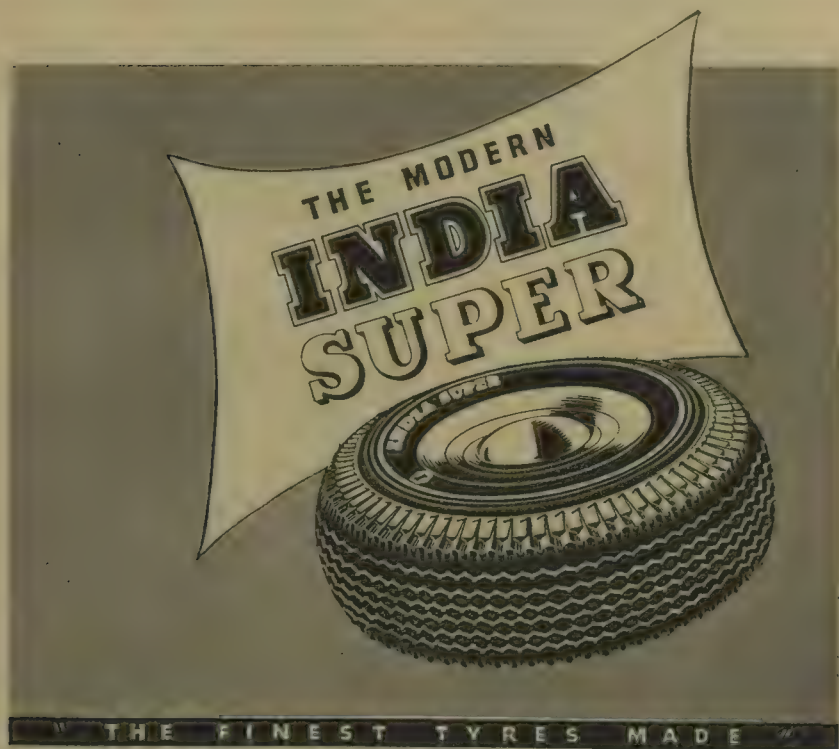
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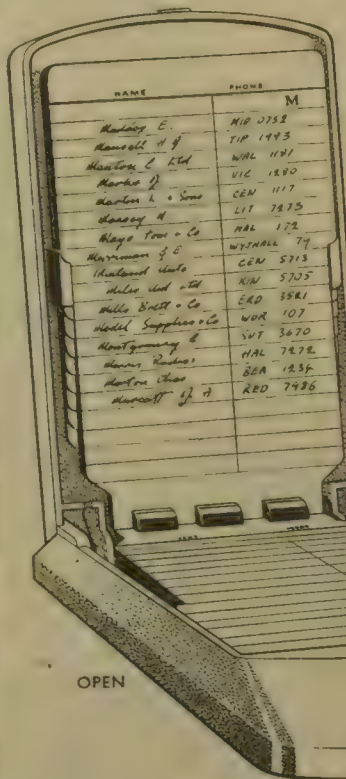
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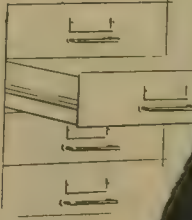
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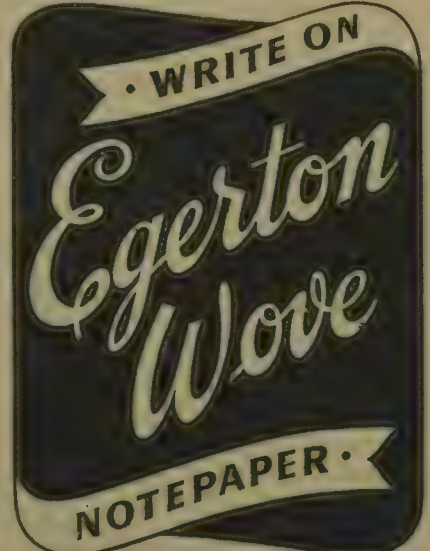
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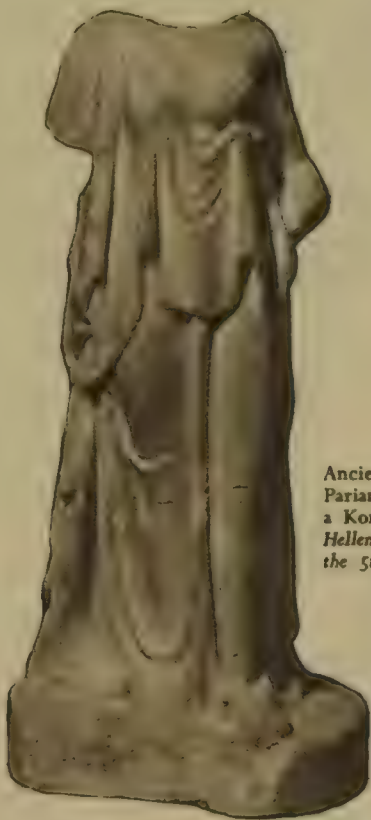
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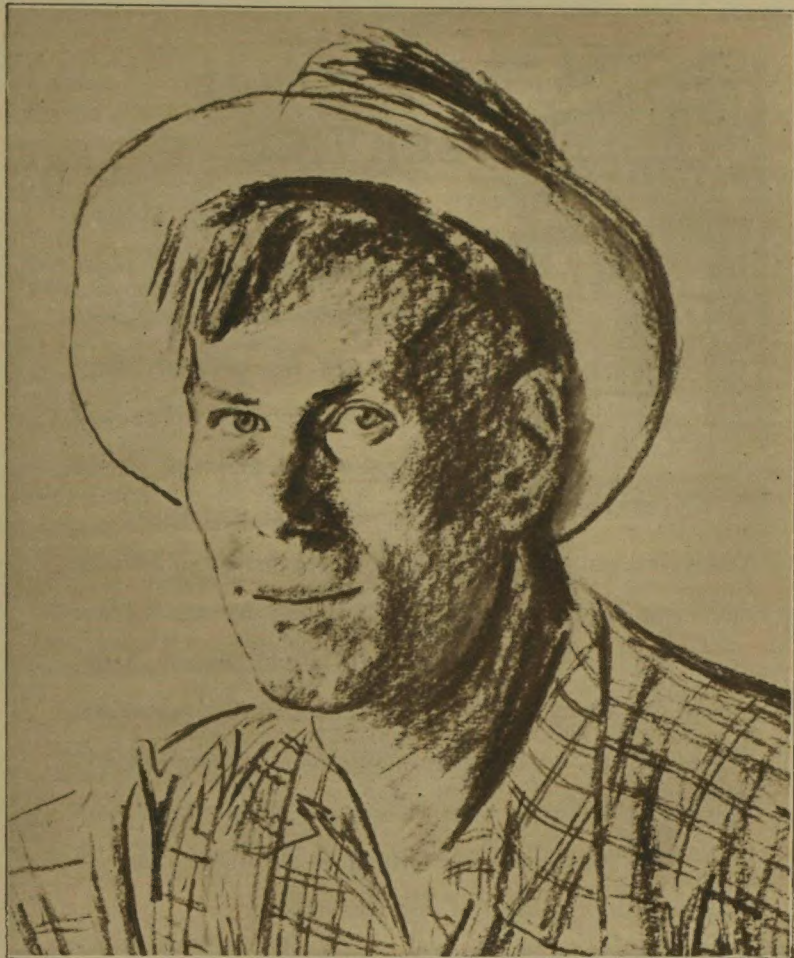


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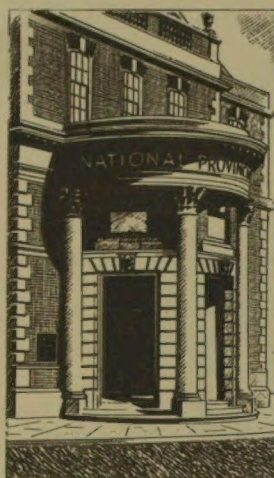


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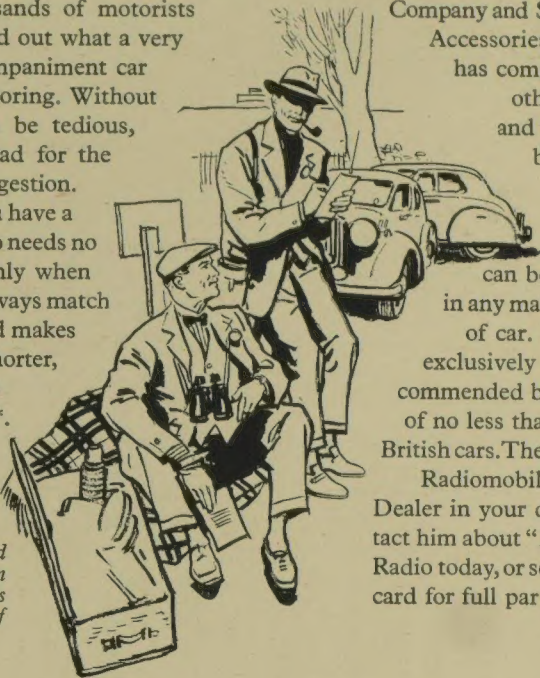




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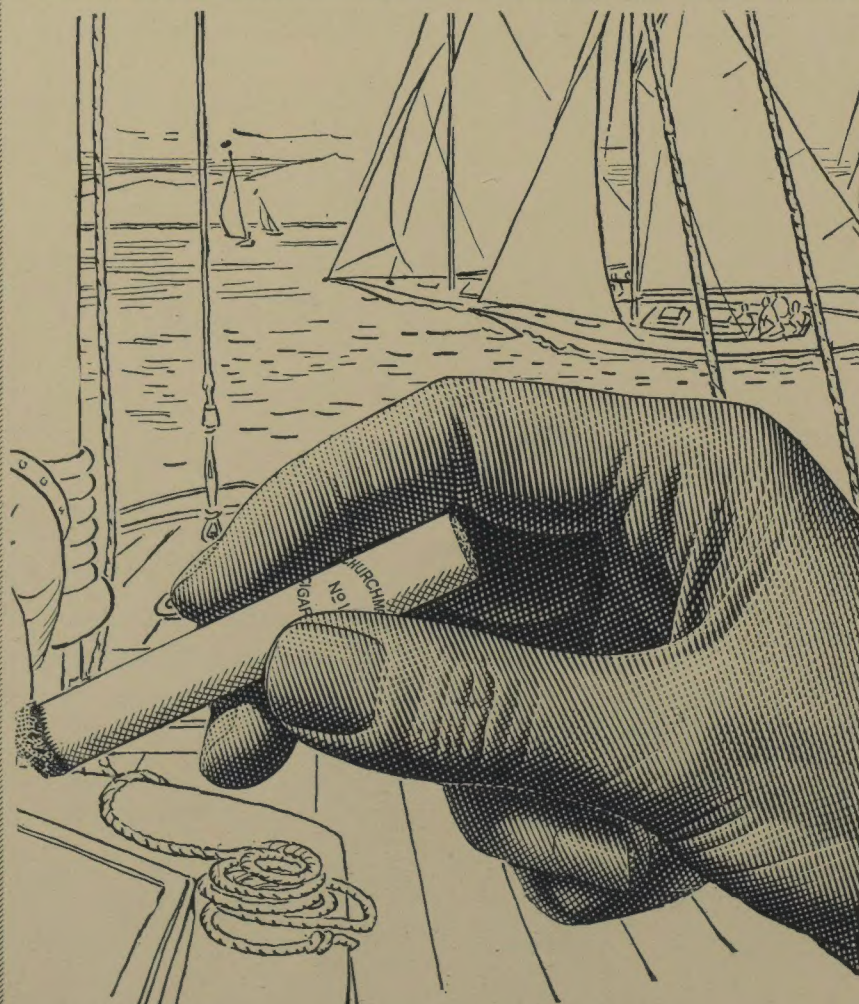
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